

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A WALK AROUND THE WORLD

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POMPON

NEW CHAPTER IN A GREAT STORY

A Museum For a Boy Who Began Life With Brains Only FROM POVERTY TO GLORY

The matchless story of François Pompon, already told in the C.N., is continuing beyond his grave; the sculptor now has a museum of his own in Paris. He is being made immortal.

In 1925 the editor of a French art magazine said to one of his contributors:

"I have just seen an interesting sculpture by an artist called Pompon. He must be young, for nobody knows him. Perhaps you would like to find him and interview him?"

The journalist began his search, and all he could find out was Pompon's address. When he reached the place he asked the concierge if a sculptor called Pompon lived there.

"Yes, sir, for the past fifty years," she answered.

Pompon's Simple Story

Then the visitor found himself in a poor, tiny room with a stove as the chief bit of furniture. That room opened on a yard, and from the yard appeared a little old man with thick white hair, a big nose, long arms, and a kindly smile. It was Pompon.

Pompon's story was very simple. Born near Dijon in 1855 he was the son of a cabinet-maker who carefully initiated him into his craft. At 20 the young man left for Paris and was apprenticed to a marble mason. In the daytime he worked at tombstones and in the evenings he attended the School of Decorative Arts. This went on for some ten years.

Then he was promoted; a great sculptor engaged him as a practitioner (the man who roughly fashions, after the clay models, the marble for the finishing work of his master).

After another ten years another event took place. The great Rodin noticed Pompon and made him his practitioner.

The White Goose

In the meantime Pompon often made carvings for himself, but his great discovery dates from his stay at Rodin's. One day, having no subject at hand, he took a white goose for his model. He copied it with most minute carefulness, but the reproduction did not look like the original. The clearer and more luminous the model was the more shaded and dark-lined the copy. This result led Pompon to observe geese.

Among other things he noticed that, in the diffused light of a clear morning, the reliefs diminished to the point where only the most important ones remained and the others disappeared, leaving nothing of the bird but its moving outline. Then the artist carved a goose again after his close observations. Great



An airman's view of Mr T. O. M. Sopwith's yacht Endeavour, which is to cross the Atlantic to compete in September for the America's Cup.

The Challenger

laughter assailed it; as he had abstained from drawing the explanatory details on an area which he particularly wanted smooth and clear people feigned to see in it a plucked goose.

Now, when his day work was over Pompon returned to his little room with eagerness, and here, quietly, by the light of a candle, he pursued that search for clarity which had become his hobby. Renouncing the rules he had been taught, he followed an entirely opposite technique with the sole purpose of getting a little nearer to reality.

When the summer came he spent his leisure at the Zoo. He would hang in front of him a wooden box filled with clay; he would choose an animal, approach it, and stand there studying, watching, and carving for hours.

From one animal to another he came to the White Bear, a masterpiece which did wonders for him. Sent to

the Salon by one of the sculptor's friends it became popular immediately. Three hundred fellow-artists decided to offer a banquet to the unknown sculptor of the Bear. The feast took place at this very Salon (the Grand Palais in the Champs Elysées), and a petition was circulated claiming the Cross of the Legion of Honour for Pompon.

Everything came along together: the exhibition, the feast, the reward, the celebrity. It left the old man rather indifferent, however. Nothing was changed in his life except that private orders from everywhere prevented him from longer working for Rodin. He died at 77, still working.

It is now recognised that Pompon wrought a great innovation. His method is being adopted in many art schools. His museum is crowded. Even if Fame came late to Pompon it could hardly have come more gloriously.

THE KNIFE THAT LAY IN THE GARDEN

BRIGHT METAL THAT WOULD NOT GROW DIM

A Tremendous Discovery During the Hustle of the War STORY OF STAINLESS STEEL

A wonderful story has just been told which proves how alert our scientists are to notice the slightest hint of new development. It demonstrates how a failure in one direction may lead to discovery in another.

Our stainless steel owes its origin to a failure in solving one of the perplexing problems of erosion.

During the war a metallurgist named Mr Harry Brearley was testing steels with a view to improving the resistance to erosion of the steel that is used in the making of rifle barrels.

In one test he made a piece of steel which had a large proportion of chromium, more than had ever been used before. It proved unsuitable for the rifle, so he broke it in two and threw it into a corner of his laboratory where similar failures lay in semi-obscurity.

How the Discovery Was Made

A fortnight later one of his assistants called his attention to the fact that two of the test pieces were still bright. All the others had rusted, but these pieces had not changed. Mr Brearley remembered that these were the broken pieces of the steel containing the large proportion of chromium.

He tried to etch it with acid and found that it was resistant, and at once he knew that he had in his hand a new steel with great possibilities.

Owing to his war work Mr Brearley was exceedingly busy, but he found a few moments to have a knife-blade forged containing the same proportion of chromium. This he left exposed to the weather in his garden for a month, and found that it was still bright.

It was not possible to develop the discovery at the time, but when the war was over the new process was perfected, and the stainless steel now in everyday use was placed on the market.

RACING THE RIVER

11,000 Men and the Ganges

An exciting race to save the Hardinge Bridge over the Ganges near Darjeeling is being made by eleven thousand men working day and night.

The River Ganges is changing its course back to an old channel away from the bridge where it flowed 66 years ago.

The repairs to the bridge must be completed by the middle of June, before the monsoon breaks, if it is to be saved from the river when in flood. It is an exciting fight between engineers and Nature, and no one yet quite knows who will win.

EVERY CHILD'S CHANCE

ONE YEAR MORE AT SCHOOL

London To Ask Its Neighbours To Appeal To the Government

MORE CHILDREN AMONG UNEMPLOYED

The London County Council is very anxious to raise the school age from 14 to 15, a reform the C.N. has strongly advocated for years.

If London alone had permission to raise the age, however, its children would be at a disadvantage when seeking employment at 15 in competition with the boys and girls who had just left school at 14 in great districts like West and East Ham, Wood Green, and others surrounding its area. The L.C.C. is, therefore, proposing to approach the Councils of these crowded areas with a view to making a joint application to the Government to raise the age.

The Extra Cost

The present position is that, though a town can pass a bylaw, the law must be approved by the Board of Education, who, even if they approve it, can still refuse to make a grant for children over 14, and few are the towns wealthy enough to carry on without this aid.

It has been estimated that the extra cost for London in a full year would amount to £746,000, half of which would be for maintenance allowances.

The raising of the school age would solve a pressing problem which will arise during the next few years. The birth-rate rose steeply in 1920, when the war was over, and from now onward there will be more boys and girls seeking employment. The April unemployment figures have already shown a big increase in the number of boys and girls, though there has been a decrease in the figures for men and women.

How much better it would have been to have kept these boys and girls at school for another year!

SOMETHING LIKE A TEMPERATURE

Beyond the Thermometer

UNIQUE EVENT IN A LONDON HOSPITAL

A man suffering from blackwater fever accompanying malaria has given the nurses and doctors at the London Hospital for Tropical Diseases the surprise of their lives.

His temperature rose to a point well above 110, the highest marking on the clinical thermometer. It was impossible to estimate the exact height reached, but it was probably 115, an extraordinary record, and the remarkable thing about it is that the patient remained coherent all the time and has recovered.

His rise in temperature began at 7 p.m. It had risen to 107 by 8.15 and after that it was taken every quarter of an hour. At 8.30 the limit of the thermometer (110) was reached, so another thermometer was obtained, and ten minutes later the reading was well above the scale marks on that one, being calculated at 115 degrees. Then the patient's temperature dropped as quickly as it had risen, and within an hour was 105, the normal high reading for this disease.

The circumstances are so extraordinary that the hospital is going to use special thermometers for its malaria patients and take their temperatures at more frequent intervals.

A Bathing Express to Brighton will this summer leave Victoria Station three evenings a week: return fare 4s.

THE WORLD MOVES TOO FAST

Inventions Out of Date

FIRST LONDON TRAFFIC LIGHTS OBSOLETE

So swiftly does a new invention replace its predecessor in these days that very often the newest cannot be adopted because all available funds have been spent on something already out of date.

It is so with wireless; it is now becoming so with traffic lights. Two or three years ago every traffic authority rejoiced in the scheme for regulating traffic by a series of lights set to change automatically at fixed intervals.

The most striking example of their use was in Oxford Street, with its numerous cross-streets. This system had hardly proved itself a success when a new device was invented by which vehicles themselves actuate the lights. Consequently all the traffic lights in Oxford Street are out of date, and motorists are crying out against the fixed delays under the old system, for though the old system works fairly well by day it is impossible at night, when the side streets are almost still and the main street must wait for them.

Yet huge sums have been spent on the installation, and the authorities think twice about investing further large sums in installing a newer system. We hope they will decide to cut their losses, for time saved and increased efficiency always pay, and, most important of all, the new system ensures greater safety on the road. Perhaps in the meantime the lights might be ignored by night.

DENMARK'S PROSPERITY

Will She Risk It All?

According to the British Commercial Secretary at Copenhagen Denmark has maintained through the depression and still enjoys a remarkable degree of prosperity.

In outward appearance she looks well; there is plenty of new building, good cultivation, and cheerful spending.

We take two-thirds of her exports, and sell to her nearly a third of her imports.

The Commercial Secretary notes a tendency to make Denmark more and more self-supporting. The risks of such a policy are obvious; and no one is more aware of them than the leaders of Denmark's great exporting industries, who know that an unwise restriction of imports would soon lead to a curtailment of Danish exports, with a lowering of the standard of living as its inevitable result.

FRIEND OF THE SLAVES

M. Henri-Alexandre Junod has lately died at Geneva.

Missionary, entomologist, and linguist, he had devoted a brilliant life of 71 years to furthering our knowledge of South Africa and serving the interests of the natives.

Whatever he was engaged on at the moment this French-Swiss missionary gave the impression that it was the chief aim of his life, if it were only the studying of a beetle or butterfly. He wrote a number of books, one of them a classic written in English, *The Life of a South African Tribe*.

Since 1920, when he came home for good, he devoted himself to working for the Swiss Anti-Slavery Society. Always on the spot at the headquarters of the League of Nations, his knowledge of native affairs had proved invaluable.

C.N. IN THE WORKHOUSE

Is there any place, we wonder, where the C.N. does not go?

We have lately heard of a copy which goes regularly to Blackburn Workhouse, where the women in the wards look forward eagerly to it.

NEWS FROM A MICROSCOPE

Discovery of a Masterpiece

Ultra-violet rays and a microscope have added one more masterpiece to the known works of the immortal Venetian painter Giorgione.

Dr Wilde, the curator of Vienna's Museum of Art, has deciphered an inscription at the back of a picture which had been thickly painted over. The inscription reads that on June 1, 1506, this picture by the hand of Zorzi Castelfranco was commissioned by Signor Giacomo. Contemporary documents always refer to Giorgione as Zorzi Castelfranco, for the great painter was born at Castelfranco, and one of his earliest paintings is that of an enthroned Madonna on the altar of a church of his native town.

The new painting has been restored and shows the head of a beautiful girl with a laurel wreath.

So few are the undisputed masterpieces of Giorgione, who died at the early age of 32, that the discovery is a priceless treasure.

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS

Things Are Getting Better

We are coming, Mother England, Six hundred thousand more.

The Ministry of Labour continues to give us cheering news about work. A further great improvement was recorded last month.

Taking the number of insured work-people at work we find:

For April 1933	9,502,000
For March 1934	10,058,000
For April 1934	10,140,000

So, in a year, no fewer than 638,000 insured workers have come into work. In a month 82,000 have found jobs.

If we turn to the number of the unemployed we find:

For April 1933	2,697,634
For March 1934	2,201,577
For April 1934	2,148,195

There were thus 53,382 fewer registered unemployed in April than in March although a large number of children leaving school came on the registers as seeking work.

BUSH CHILDREN BY THE SEA

Happiest Camp in Australia

News from Australia often takes a long time to travel to us, and so we have only lately heard of the splendid holiday 140 Bush children had by the sea during their summer and our winter.

But we who are now beginning to look forward to our own holidays may understand what it means to a child brought up in the hot dusty Bush country to have the sea to bathe in for three weeks.

The scheme which arranges these holidays is the Far West Scheme started by the Rev Stanley Drummond and his wife some years ago. Throughout the year they and their assistants travel thousands of miles a week visiting Bush farms, discovering with a practised eye those children who will best benefit from a change of surroundings. Small defects which may develop into serious illnesses are caught in time in this way. Sometimes minor operations are performed on the children while in camp, while more serious cases are moved to the Convalescent Home, where an improved diet in the form of lots of vegetables, fruit, and milk has saved many a permanent injury from rickets.

The whole of Manly State School near Sydney is turned into a camp for these children every summer, and there are probably more high spirits here to the acre than anywhere else in Australia.

WIRELESS BETTER AND BETTER

Progress in Direction Finding

A SUBMARINE AND ITS AERIAL

By a Scientific Correspondent

Direction-finding by ships and aeroplanes with the wireless compass is one of the most valuable safeguards for travel by sea and air.

An airman can call up Croydon today and ask for what is called a Fix. Immediately the direction-finders at Pulham, Lympne, and Croydon are used to get the direction of his signals, and these, when reported to Croydon, are plotted on a map and the exact point where they intersect is wireless back to the pilot.

The fact remains, however, that in the darkness these bearings may have an error of as much as 15 degrees, a result of what is known as night effect, merely a polarisation of the wireless waves.

An Immense Step Forward

An immense step forward has now been made in the accuracy with which bearings can be given to a pilot by the use of aerials arranged in vertical loops instead of the present horizontal pattern. The error can be reduced from 15 degrees to only one, so that both air pilots and Channel boats during foggy weather will be able to get their bearings from Croydon with extraordinary accuracy.

Another advance in direction-finding has recently been made which applies to submarines. This is a telescopic aerial which can be raised in twenty seconds through a tube in the upper part of the vessel, and as the mast projects from the tube two diamond-shaped aerials spring out and take up their position at right angles.

With this aerial it is possible for the navigating officer to obtain his direction in the ordinary way. The direction-finding aerial can also be used for ordinary messages within a range of 300 to 4000 metres. When the direction-finder is done with the flexible loops fold up and with the mast are withdrawn through the tube into the vessel.

WHAT A LITTLE FISH TOLD US

The new form of water which scientists have made in recent years, now known as heavy water, has recently been used in a biological experiment.

Naturalists have long been inquisitive about the rate at which fishes change all the water in their bodies, and American scientists decided to use the new heavy water as a means of investigating this problem. They placed a goldfish in a bowl of heavy water and after a time transferred it into ordinary water. It was found that the goldfish got rid of all the heavy water which its body had absorbed within an hour.

THINGS SAID

We want dry roads and dry drivers.
Slogan of Civic Exhibition.

Mr Elliot's pig policy becomes rasher and rasher.
Mrs Wilfred Roberts.

When I started making a 7 horse-power car many people thought I had reached my second childhood.

Sir Herbert Austin

Our railway stations are being converted into excellent picture galleries.
Archbishop of Canterbury.

The schoolchild should be trained for the leisure he is destined to have.

Dr Norman Glaister

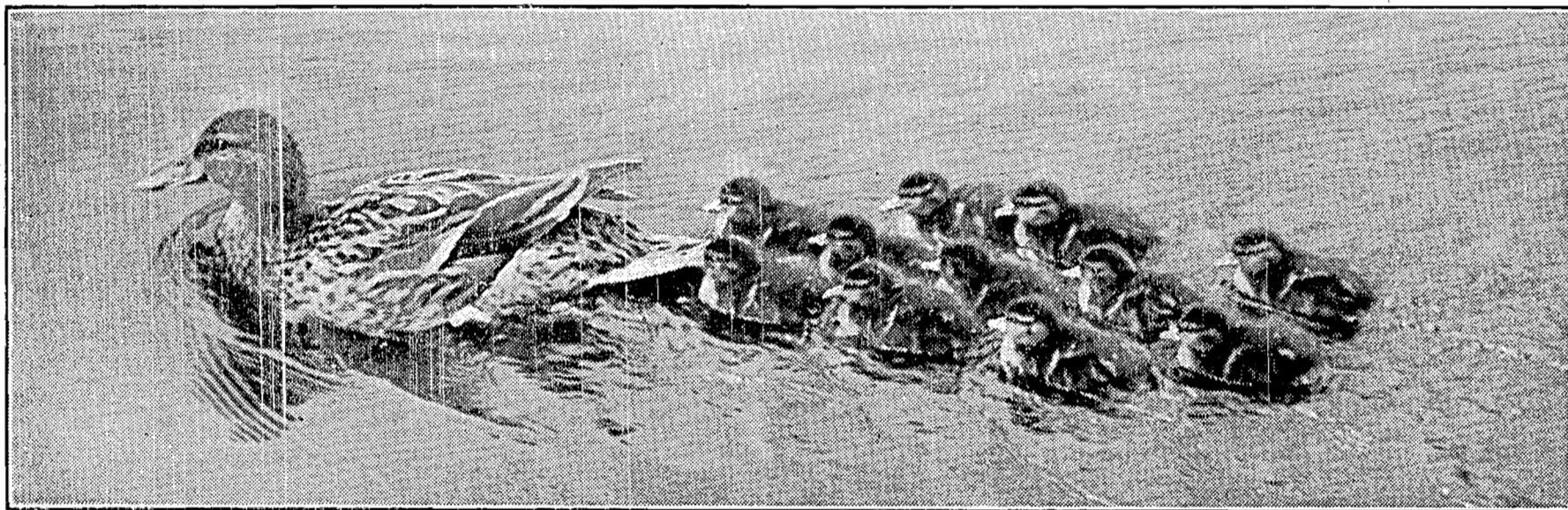
What an advantage over the English poet has the French, whose love rhymes with the day, with eternity, and with courtship itself.
Miss Jan Struther

May 26, 1934

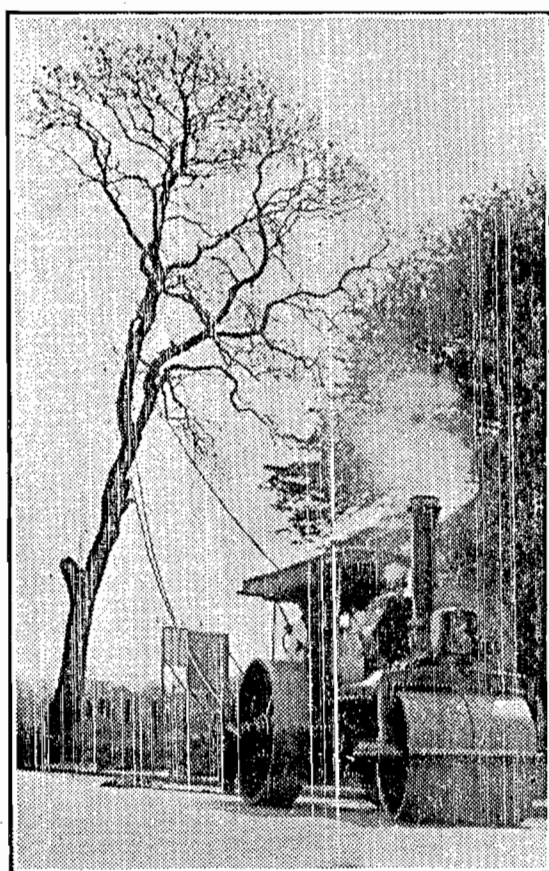
The Children's Newspaper

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PULLING DOWN A TREE · PLAYFUL LION · REMOVING BIG BEN'S HANDS



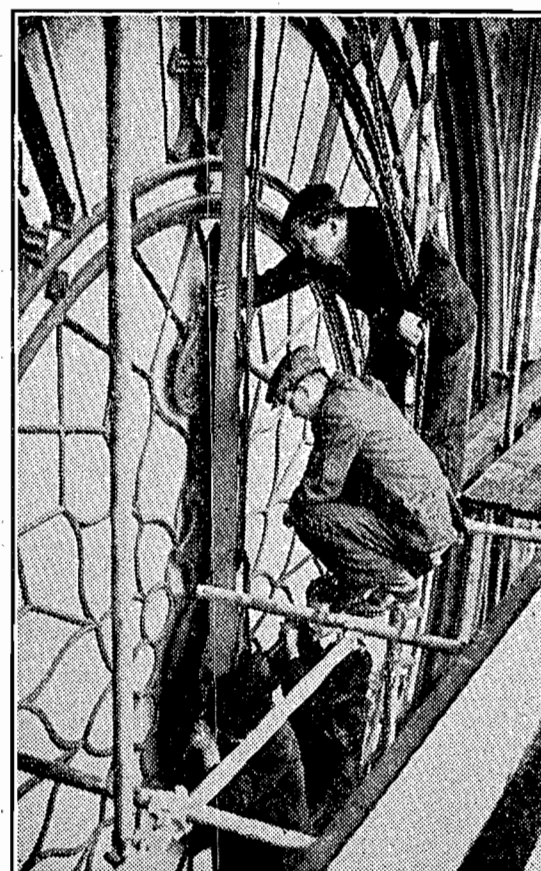
Keeping Close to Mother—A family of eleven ducklings making one of their first appearances on the Regent's Park lake with their mother.



Pulling Down a Tree—A steamroller was used at Edmonton to pull down a tree at the roadside.



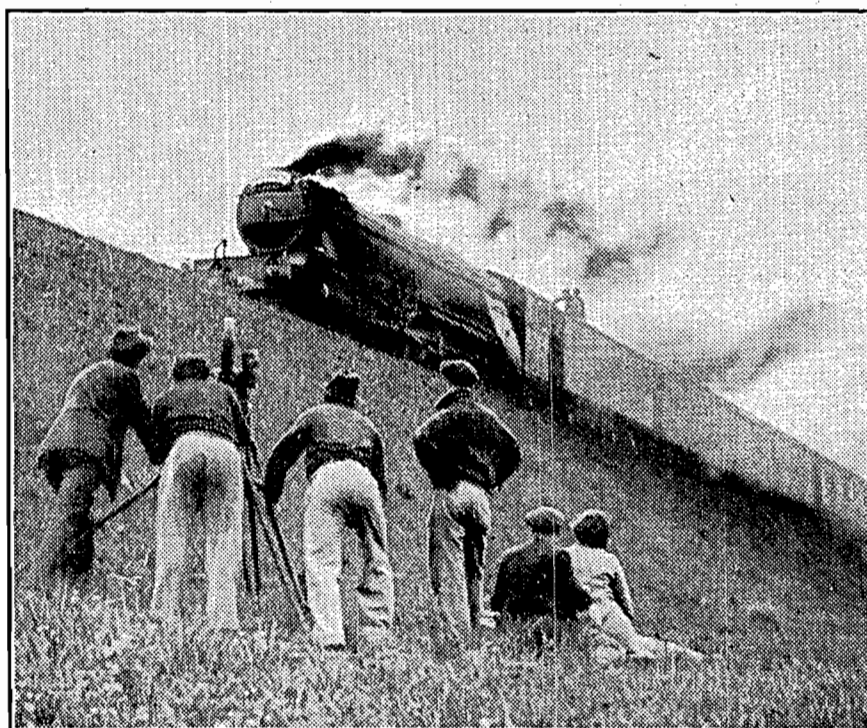
A Playful Lion—A lion in a Surrey zoo was amusing himself with a piece of wood when this picture was taken.



Big Ben's Hands—These men are removing one of the minute hands of Westminster's famous clock.



Spring in the North—A peep at the Lythe Valley in Westmorland, in spring the show place of the North, with the damson trees in all the glory of blossom-time.



A Railway Film—Camera-men are here seen filming a scene in which two actors are on the tender of the Aberdonian, the famous L.N.E.R. express to Scotland.

A CHANCE FOR FRANCE

OPPORTUNITY FOR AN ACT OF GRACE

The Saar Coalfield and Its Return To Germany

GOODWILL IS CHEAP TODAY

The plebiscite to decide the future of the Saar Territory draws near.

There is no doubt as to the result. Of the 800,000 inhabitants all but about 10,000 are Germans, and the rising tide of nationalism has accentuated their desire to rejoin the Fatherland.

Very difficult questions are raised, however. By the Treaty of Versailles the Saar Basin, with its mineral wealth, fine furnaces, and factories, was detached from Germany and placed under the League until the present year, when the inhabitants are by vote to decide

To become part of Germany,
To become part of France, or
To remain under the League.

The Problem of the Mines

Unfortunately, that is not all. The French seized the Saar mines, which largely belonged to the Prussian State, and under the Treaty they are French property. The Germans can buy them back if they win the election, but only upon agreed terms, and there is little doubt that the French terms will be hard.

The Saar Territory lies between Lorraine (restored to France by the war) and Oldenburg. Its chief town, Saarbrücken, has about 100,000 people and many flourishing industries.

We once made a suggestion which now, at the eleventh hour, we venture to repeat. As the result of the election must be an overwhelming vote for Germany, why should not France make a generous gesture, avoid an election, and begin a new chapter in Franco-German relations by handing over the Saar without delay, naming reasonable terms for the return of the mines?

A costless thing to do, but with what possibilities of great and lasting gain!

THE POOR LITTLE SLAVES OF HONG KONG

There is reason to fear, the C.N. regrets to say, that the law setting free the little slaves of Hong Kong is being cruelly evaded.

It is probable that all adopted children in Hong Kong will have to be registered at last.

The law prohibiting the ancient form of slavery known as the Mui Tsai (or Little Sister) system has not been as successful as was generally supposed. Under this system parents in the old days sold their little girls into slavery, and many of them were badly treated. A few years ago, as C.N. readers will remember, the system was made illegal, but people have been adopting as daughters children of parents who are too poor to bring them up, and have used them as household drudges.

The authorities at Hong Kong have now announced that more inspectors are to be appointed, and if the law is being evaded there will be compulsory registration of all adopted children.

21 WHALES SEE WALES AND DIE

Early one morning not long ago the grunting and snorting of 21 poor dying whales drew hundreds of people to the sands at Burry Inlet, off the coast of Gower, in South Wales.

During the night a storm had raged, and these whales must have sought shelter among the rocks of the beach; but the tide retreated too quickly for them, and left the school high and dry.

The whales, all herring hogs, were of various sizes, the largest being 20 feet long and the smallest about half that.

WAS BARABBAS CALLED JESUS?

What the Sinai Codex Says About It

WHY THE EARLY MANUSCRIPTS ARE IMPORTANT

When Pontius Pilate made his great decision and released Barabbas was he mocking the Jews more than we think?

This point arises from the fact that in the Sinai Codex Barabbas is given an additional name, and this name is Jesus. So Pilate said, "Whom will ye that I release unto you? Jesus Barabbas or Jesus which is called Christ?"

The Sinai Codex is not the only early manuscript of the Bible with this version, as some of the later manuscripts written in a running hand give the same wording. The name Jesus Barabbas certainly occurred in much earlier manuscripts than the Sinai Codex, for the great Bible scholar Origen, who was born over 100 years before the Codex was written, wrote a commentary on St Matthew's Gospel and refers to Jesus Barabbas.

Reply of the Jews

It is very difficult to decide which version is right, but the general view of scholars is against Barabbas having the name Jesus, because of the reply of the Jews to Pilate's question. They asked for Barabbas to be released and not Jesus. Would they not have said Christ if there had been any confusion, because of both men being called Jesus?

It must be remembered that every time a manuscript is copied words creep in or are left out. Very frequently a copyist will make a comment in the margin or insert an explanatory word as well as inserting in the margin words he has left out by accident. The next copyist may incorporate in his version everything that is in the margin, and perhaps make some marginal notes of his own. This is why it is so important to secure the earliest known versions of any book, most of all, of course, of so important a work as the Bible.

A GREAT DISCOVERY THROWN AWAY

No Use Without Profit

RAZOR BLADE WHICH LASTS FOR EVER

Professor Julian Huxley has been reminding us that there are many discoveries which would save our pockets but are not used because no profit is to be made out of them.

One of these is a safety-razor blade which would last for 20 or 30 years. We believe there are old razors, not of the safety variety, which have been in families for generations, but the commercial value of the safety-razor blade is that it does not last. It is made to be thrown away after a day or two. Any manufacturer of a permanent safety-razor blade would have to close his works after he had supplied the population once.

It is nobody's business to apply scientific discoveries where no profit is to be made out of them.

BANSE BANNED

Herr Hitler and a Nuisance

We congratulate the German Government on withdrawing the title of professor from Herr Ewald Banse, late Professor of Geography at Brunswick.

This writer has created great indignation in Europe by his works glorifying militarism and propagating hatred. He it was who wrote how joyful it would be to witness the humiliation of England. His books have now been confiscated by the Nazi Government.

BEING FRIENDLY ONE MORE BOND OF GOODWILL

Mr Roosevelt Will Return a Spoil of War To Canada

TROPHY OF 1813

The excellent system of returning war trophies has crossed the Atlantic.

Congress has been asked by President Roosevelt to authorise the return to the Parliament of Ontario of a mace captured in the war of 1812-14. This historic mace was a token of the representative Government established at Toronto, which was then called York, nearly a century and a half ago.

During the war between England and America which began in 1812 and ended with the Treaty of Ghent in 1814 York, at that time the capital of Upper Canada, was captured and its public buildings burned and looted.

President Roosevelt has been moved to this graceful action by the fact that on July 2 there will be unveiled at Toronto a memorial tablet to the heroes of the United States forces. It is proposed to hand back the mace at the unveiling of this tablet.

In his message to Congress President Roosevelt referred to the fact that ever since the agreement of 1817 the two countries have maintained no hostile armaments on their mutual boundary, and that every year cements the peace and friendship of their peoples.

A KING'S LETTER ASTRAY

Old News in a Butcher's Shop

It was a lucky thing that the professor did the shopping that day. A house-keeper might never have noticed that the butcher was wrapping the meat in an old document.

It was in Lublin, Poland. In England we have a habit of wrapping food in fresh greaseproof paper first and new brown paper afterwards, so that no exciting historical discoveries are made in our butcher's shops.

The professor, who teaches in a Lublin College, discovered that his purchase was wrapped in an autograph letter of Stanislas Poniatowski, the last king of Poland.

Then it was found that the butcher had bought a large collection of waste-paper, much of which deserved a place in a museum.

Imperial Caesar dead, his letters may Wrap bits of pork to keep the dust away.

GOODBYE, BEAUTY

Messrs Cadbury have pensioned off their last stableman and turned their last horse out to grass.

East Grinstead, in Sussex could only produce two horses for the annual van horse parade.

These two items of news came to us in one week, and horse-lovers should rejoice in them.

The other day a C.N. friend was reading Black Beauty to her little boy. When she got to the place where poor Ginger, formerly a pampered carriage horse, is worked to death in a cab, she had a lump in her throat, but the boy was quite unconcerned.

"It used to make me cry when I was little," she said to his father afterwards. "Do you think this generation is harder-hearted?"

"No," he said; "but to him the whole thing is unreal. Children today never see worn-out horses at work."

That is a thought to make us glad. The ill-used cab horse is now a legendary figure, like Cinderella. Who cries over Cinderella?

In May, June, and July 120 L.M.S. trains will carry 70,000 schoolchildren on special educational trips to London, Edinburgh, and other towns of interest.

AN INVENTION FROM A DREAM

MIND SOLVES A PROBLEM

A Complicated Machine Made Easy in Sleep

PROFESSOR BOYS AND A GREAT IDEA

It is a frequent illusion among the thoughtless and the lazy that great inventions are often heaven-sent gifts to the lucky mortals who evolve them.

It is very rarely that this is really so, however. The inspiration which leads to an invention is usually the result of profound study and an accumulation of facts in the mind which are there turned over consciously and unconsciously.

This unconscious action of the mind is the explanation of the origin of a wonderful machine constructed by Professor C. V. Boys for measuring the value of the gas we use. The idea came to him in a dream, and he hurried off next morning to make his dream a reality.

It is a most complicated machine, but it is foolproof, cheap to run, and such an improvement on earlier machines that it only uses up one gallon of water a year instead of 300,000.

Amazing Possibilities

Professor Boys has explained that he had been thinking of the problem this machine has solved for about 20 years, and it was because he had his mind saturated with the subject that the solution came to him in his dream. When he woke he did not know whether his unconscious mind had alighted on the true solution, but he was fired to put it to the test. Only his great knowledge of mathematics and mechanics enabled him to bring the machine to perfection. The only strange thing about the dream is that it showed him a type of machine quite new to his ideas.

The unconscious mind has amazing possibilities which as yet we but little understand, but we can be quite sure that it does not produce without having been supplied with material, and Professor Boys, who is one of our greatest physicists, has never given his mind an opportunity to rust.

ALWAYS READY

Robert Patton's Memorial

Robert Patton died a hero's death early this year, and now he has his memorial, but it is not of brass or stone. Neither is it a park or a building: it moves, like a living thing, swiftly upon noble errands.

Last February the Hull steamer Disperser was sinking when the Runswick lifeboat, the Always Ready, came to the rescue. Robert Patton, the coxswain, saved a lame man from the wreck, but in doing so received injuries from which he died.

For years he had been always ready, day or night, to risk his life for seamen in distress. So the lifeboat Always Ready has been renamed Robert Patton, the Always Ready.

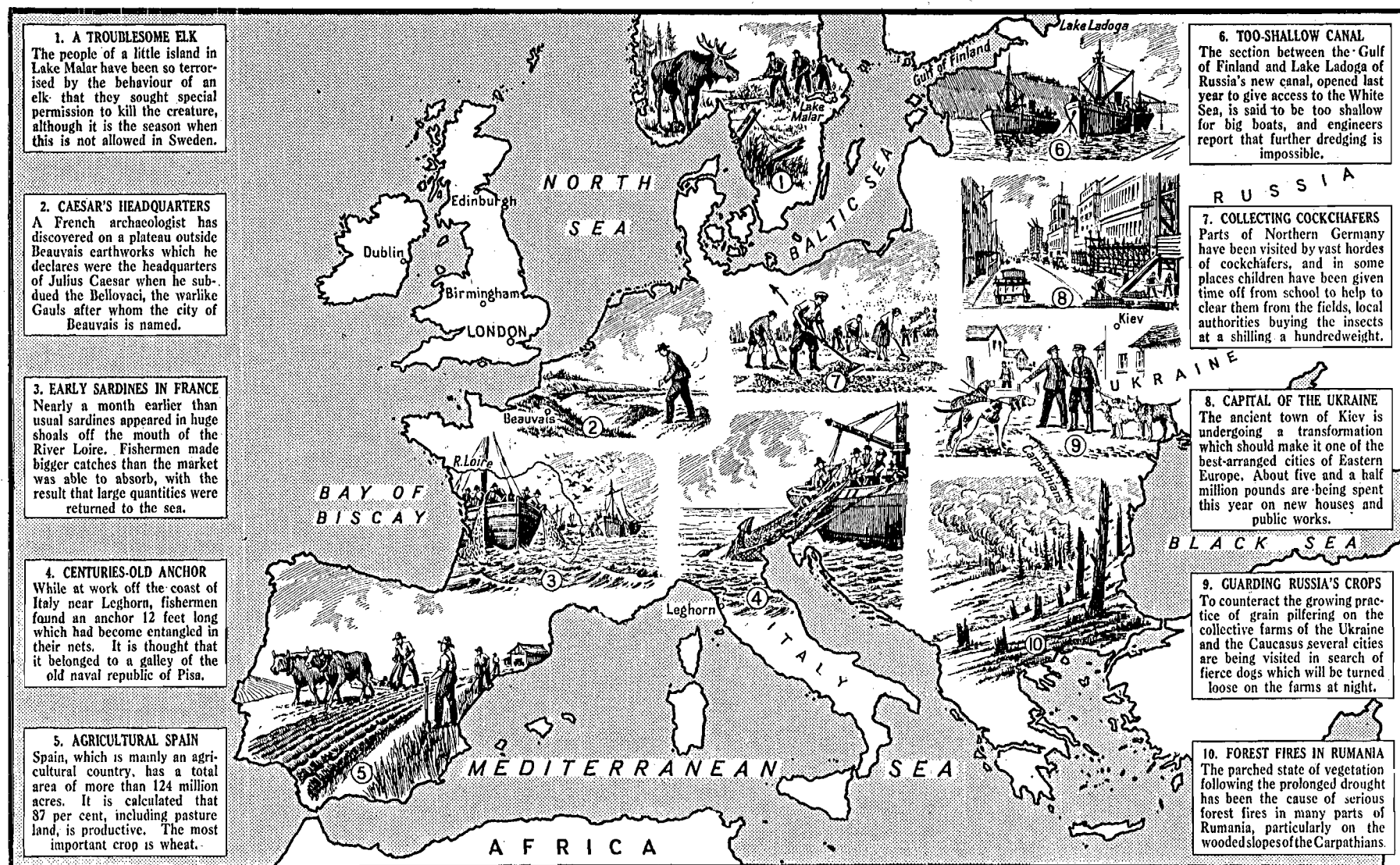
Still Robert Patton will go to the rescue: a lifeboatman's name could be kept alive in no fitter manner than this.

THE PIGEON TELLS THE STATIONMASTER

A new use was made the other day of homing pigeons when a train was derailed near St Boswells on the L.N.E.R.

The breakdown gang had to work two miles from the nearest telephone, so they took with them some homing pigeons, pets of the stationmaster, and when the line was cleared the pigeons were sent with the message to St Boswells and traffic was resumed.

THE C.N. PICTURE-NEWS MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER EUROPE



THE SLOT GAMBLER Machines at the Bottom of the Sea

£40,000 WORTH DUMPED

New York is taking no chances with machines of chance, which the State has decided are undesirable.

Not only has a law been passed to forbid the manufacture of new gambling slot machines, but all the old ones are to be destroyed; and as soon as the law was signed 11 police cars set out to collect as many as possible before they were hidden away.

The first fruits of the raid were 2000 slot machines, and this £40,000 worth of temptation has been dumped at the bottom of the sea. It is hoped to clear the whole city very soon.

The profits made by the owners of these machines where you "try your luck" were so enormous that New York State made up its mind this disguised gambling must cease.

HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED

Our friend Canon Sheppard, whom we all know better as Dick Sheppard, is one of the best beggars living.

The other day he was begging for the South London Hospital for Women, and he told this tale of a former occasion when he was appealing for some institution hard pressed for money.

He stood in his pulpit at an ordinary church service and asked for £10,000.

"I must have it today," said he, "and I want it in one cheque; I have no time to collect sixpences."

After the service an old man he had never seen before, and whom he has never seen again, came into the vestry and wrote out a cheque for £10,000.

Captain O. P. Jones, the Imperial Airways pilot, has spent 10,000 hours in the air, during which time he has flown a million miles and crossed the Channel 4500 times.

THE EAST END REJOICES First Woman F.R.C.P.

The East End is rejoicing in the honour which has fallen to Dr Helen Mackay, whom the Royal College of Physicians has just elected to its Fellowship, the first woman Fellow in 400 years.

Dr Mackay has done a wonderful work for East End children. She has done it, too, with such tact and kindness that grannies have been converted to new ideas, mothers have taken fresh heart in their fight with poverty, and officials have become human.

For 15 years Dr Mackay has worked at the Queen's Hospital for Children in the Hackney Road, and in East End homes as well. She has treated about 2000 children every year, and brought hundreds back from the gates of death.

Especially she is to be remembered and blessed for the research which led her to discover a cheap, simple remedy for infant anaemia.

The Ministry of Health circulated Dr Mackay's formula throughout the country, so that she has been the means of saving children she has never seen.

The Royal College of Physicians has honoured itself as well as Dr Mackay by electing her to its Fellowship.

HOUSES FOR BATS Will You Come Into My Tower?

Germany's most celebrated flitter-mouse tower is at Bingen; but now historic Heidelberg is to have its bat tower too.

The tower is to be built in such a way as to attract hosts of bats—a kind of model dwelling for them; and the reason is that folk living in the wooded valley of the Neckar are plagued in summer by midges, gnats, and mosquitoes. If only they can get crowds of bats to live in their tower they hope these sworn enemies of mosquitoes will help to do away with the pests.

THE BLACK CAT OF SOFIA

Its Unlucky Day

Suddenly, the other night, all the lights in Sofia went out, and the Bulgarian capital was in darkness for nearly an hour.

Great alarm was felt, for the Yugoslav Foreign Minister was in the city on an important political mission, and it was feared that the darkness was perhaps a signal for an attack on him. Mounted police were rushed to guard the building where the reception in his honour was just at its height, and every dimly-seen movement was suspected.

After three-quarters of an hour of nerve-racking tension the lights went on again. It appeared that nothing very serious had happened, after all.

Yet something of a sort had happened: Sofia was one black cat the less. Its body was found in the central power-house, where the poor thing had strayed among the machinery, put out the lights of a capital, and sent a posse of policemen galloping through the darkness wondering what was going to happen.

THE RUBBISH HEAP OF THE SCULPTURE GALLERIES

Sir Reginald Blomfield has been saying what most serious people think about what is called modern art, in which he finds a slant to the hideous and the unclean.

It must end, he says, in the bankruptcy of art or in the madhouse; and Sir Reginald goes on to say of the claims of those who declare themselves the Modernists:

They assume that man can turn his soul upside down as easily as he can turn his coat.

The immense arrogance of their position is something new in the world. Nobody so far has claimed to bring everything to a dead stop and to begin all over again, as if the past had never existed at all.

KING OF A GREATER ARABIA

Ibn Saud Wins More Territory OUR NEIGHBOUR IN NORTH AND SOUTH

By the victories of his son Emir Feisal over the forces of the Imam of Yemen, Ibn Saud is likely to become ruler over all Arabia excepting in the State of Oman in the south-east, Kuwait on the Persian Gulf, and the British Protectorate of Aden.

He will control the entire eastern shore of the Red Sea and the caravan routes from the seaport of Hodeida and other places to Mecca.

Both on the north, where Transjordan is under our mandate, and in the south, where a 600-miles-long boundary encloses the 9000 square miles of our Aden Protectorate, the dominions of King Ibn Saud will march with those for which we are responsible.

It is only quite recently that this country solved in a friendly manner the problem of the boundary line between Aden and Yemen; and Ibn Saud, who has ever been a friend of England, is not likely to question our arrangements with the Imam of Yemen.

Other near neighbours of Ibn Saud will be Italians in Eritrea, which faces Yemen across the southern waters of the Red Sea, while the new self-governing State of Irak touches Arabia to the north-east.

A GARDEN IN FLEET STREET

In every corner of London there lurks a surprise.

We have just seen a bed of tulips, a brave show of about 700 yellow and golden crowns—not in a park, but within 20 yards of Fleet Street's unceasing roar. Greetings to the good gardener of St Bride's!

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 26 1934



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Wireless is Rude Today

THERE is going to be a conference in Oxford on noise, and how to stop noise.

Next to London there couldn't be a more suitable place than Oxford for this, for the queen of university cities is looking weary of her crown, uneasy on her throne. Carfax is as bad as Oxford Circus, and in many places which used to be flooded with a kind of silver calm you can scarcely hear yourself speak. It is as noisy as Quiet Street in Bath with a motor-cyclist shrieking by.

There are several problems to be faced by the Anti-Noise Conference. No one can put back the clock. The passion of the day is for speed, and speed means noise until some genius evolves a car that will run noiselessly.

While the Anti-Noise Conference is considering outside noises and their effect on the nation's temper and nervous system, and on the stability of the nation's ancient buildings, we might do well to think of noises within our own homes. Looking back over seven or ten years, a subtle difference can be felt in the tone and manners of many a household where now wireless is in constant use. There was once a polite tradition that it was not good manners for two people to be speaking at the same time. The presence of a bodiless voice at so many hearths is making people used to the sound of two talking each other down.

We have been at tea-parties where perhaps a dozen people in a small room were all talking at once. The babel and clamour seemed to be loud enough, in all conscience; but the hostess would say, apologetically, "Why, the wireless is not on."

Immediately there would be a sound of music to which no one paid any heed, and the party went on just as before, except that now everybody had to speak still a little louder to drown that extra noise. When the music gave place to a voice broadcasting the effect was indescribable.

It is not always at parties that this sort of thing happens. If we call at a friend's house and the wireless is on no one dreams of turning it off; it is just talked down.

The tyranny of it all and the sheer rudeness are rather distressing to people sensitive to good manners. It does not happen in all houses, we are thankful to say, but the trouble is spreading. Perhaps some nice old-fashioned person who can speak an effective word in society will say something and set the pace, and make it fashionable to be quiet instead of rowdy in our friend's houses and in our own homes.

Good Manners Between Nations

WE have already recorded with pleasure that Germany and Poland had not only arrived at a Pact of Peace, but supplemented it with an agreement to discountenance and suppress attacks upon each other's feelings.

Austria and Czecho-Slovakia lately agreed that broadcasting is not to be used by either nation to annoy the inhabitants of the other. The agreement has been faithfully observed.

Now a similar agreement is being arrived at by Austria and Switzerland which covers not only public affairs but private sentiment. Each country promises not to annoy, not to insult, not to provoke.

We like these agreements to promote international good manners.

Civilisation on the Way

THAT a Save the Children Fund is urgently necessary shows that we have not yet arrived at civilisation; but the fact that the Fund exists, and goes to work without consideration of race, nationality, and creed, shows that civilisation is on its way

Mr J. B. Priestley

Do It Well

IN Sir John Martin-Harvey's Autobiography he tells the young actor to take the utmost pains, and to act even a tiny part to the very best of his ability.

He says he himself noted long ago the immense zest that a certain young man put into an infinitesimal part; how he frowned, how he smiled, how his expression varied, even when he had to be silent on the stage! Sir John saw to it that this thorough-going youth got promotion, and he is now a leading figure on the stage.

Cres

THIS world is too much with us, said Wordsworth, and we do not need Wordsworth to remind us that we live too fast.

But we had no idea how fast they live at Hounslow on the Great West Road until we saw the new houses jumping up. We hope they have time to build them well, but apparently they have hardly time to paint their street names. The lovely word Crescent is to go, it seems, and we are to speak not of Mornington Crescent, Hounslow, but of *Mornington Cres*.

We beg that somebody will save us from the builder who is giving us Cres for Crescent. We would gladly pay for the paint for four more letters.

For the Walker

Two rules the walker must obey
If he would reach his home today:
On roadway always keep the right,
On footpath just the op-po-site;
And if by chance he walk at night
He'd better wear a little white.

Sir Buckston Browne

Light and Dark

By Marjorie Wilson

I watched the gentle hands of Dawn
Caress the Night. I lay
Marking their touch, and, lo! it was
His love which woke the Day.

I saw the Day held by the Light,
As arms hold one adored,
And knew around the Earth bides yet
The comfort of the Lord.

And when the darkness poured its tide
About familiar things,
I thought: Now do we creep beneath
The shadow of His wings.

Tip-Cat

A NOVELIST says he never cares what his book is called. But he might like a title.

GIRLS who go in for sprinting are usually shingled. Prefer short cuts.

A TEACHER declares that when she is vexed with a child she gives him a tap. Then he gets into hot water.

THE world is decaying, we are told.
Too bad.

How tall should a woman police constable be? asks a correspondent.

Depends what position she wants to reach.

SOME watches always stop at the seaside. Don't blame them.

WOMEN play an important part in the gramophone industry, we are

told. We thought the gramophones did the playing.

CERTAIN reptiles have a mathematical sense. But they are not all adders.

A SPEAKER says that the human race is declining. Perhaps it hasn't been asked.

ALL cars should have an opening at the top. People are let in for buying them.

EVERY town has its good points. But they are not often on the edge of it.

AMERICAN girls are growing taller. You never know what they will be up to next.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

CROFT Cotton Mill in Chorley is to be bought and run by its 200 workpeople.

THE City of London is adopting the humane killer for sheep as well as cattle.

BRISTOL is forbidding children under 14 to be employed.

JUST AN IDEA

Remember that, however big the world is, however discouraged we may be, no good impulse and no good act is lost.

HE LOOKED AHEAD

Joseph Glanvill's Prophecies

WE of this age may be the first to fly and to send wireless messages, but we are by no means the first to think of such things. Joseph Glanvill, for instance, was prophesying such wonders in the 17th century.

He was a scientist, full of eager hope for the world, realising what science might do to help mankind. Born in 1651, when Cromwell was ruling England, he lives for those who love poetry as having suggested Matthew Arnold's Scholar Gipsy. Here is one of his prophecies:

To them that come after us it may be as ordinary to buy a pair of wings to fly into remotest regions as now a pair of boots to ride a journey.

This 17th-century scholar would not have been so very much amazed to meet the man who has breakfast in Surrey and is in his Paris office by eleven o'clock. Wireless is another thing which would not surprise him, for he wrote:

To conferr at the distance of the Indies by sympathetick conveyances may be as usual, to future times, as to us in a literary correspondence.

Joseph Glanvill was right; it is as usual today for messages to go to the Indies by wireless as by letter.

In Mr Basil Willey's learned book on The 17th Century Background we get to know more of this man who could dream of things so far ahead that he talked of times when by means of irrigation deserts should be turned into paradise, and, like Jules Verne, went even farther: than we have gone with a vision of a visit to the Moon.

Just For Half an Hour

EVERY country head is turned by the charm of this season of the year; everyone is hovering about the garden.

But one of the prettiest stories of all comes from a corner of Surrey where a little boy gravely examined the garden of another little boy, surveying the Christmas tree, the two lettuces, and the red daisy. Then Charles dashed away. He came back to his five-year-old neighbour after a short delay, bringing a yellow polyanthus root he had dug up from his own plot.

"I will lend you this, Maurice, for a whole half-hour," said he, proffering his small spade.

With beaming face Maurice accepted the gift, the hole was dug, in went the polyanthus, and Charles returned home.

And in exactly half an hour (Charles having asked Mummy the time) "Fank you awfully much," said one small proprietor, handing back the polyanthus to the other.

Mercy

We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach
us all to render
The deeds of mercy. Shakespeare

May 26, 1934

A WALK AROUND THE WORLD

FRIENDS EVERYWHERE

What People Really Are Like
When They Come Together

NOTES FROM A DIARY

*Then one could make a ring
Around the world
If all the people of the world
Would hold each other's hand.*

These words of Paul Fort's famous ballad come to mind after reading the diary of a young French couple just back from what they call a Walk Around the World.

The record of their walk is a continual revelation of friendly experiences with people of a great many nations.

The two heroes, M. and Mme. Tourte, were not globe-trotters. They had no record to set up or to beat, no challenge to answer; they simply started off a few years ago for the supreme pleasure of knowing more of what was going on all over the world. M. Tourte was a painter and his wife was a strong, bright girl. Neither had much money, but they would make it on the way when necessary. And off they went toward the East.

A Remarkable Journey

This diary is filled with accounts of all kinds of people and places, but perhaps the most striking thing of all is the general atmosphere of that wonderful journey, an atmosphere of confidence, security, and peace. M. and Mme. Tourte started off expecting to meet friends everywhere and they did meet friends, and they left friends behind.

Here are one or two extracts from their diary, typical of what we read on every page.

Greek Island of Samos. The Feast of the Sheep is taking place. Everybody buys sheep, nurses them, washes them, dyes them in pale colours, adorns them with pink ribbon, takes them about the streets. All business is being stopped for a week. It is the time for great rejoicing, the feast of happiness.

On board ship for Turkey. Some English people caught sight of our costume and left their first-class to come and talk to us. In the evening they sent us warm and comfortable English rugs and insisted on our spending the night in their deck chairs. The sea is wonderfully smooth. The moon is shining.

Angora, capital of Turkey. We made for the French Consulate, a charming little white house. The Consul refused to let us camp but had the divan in his drawing-room prepared for us for the night.

In the jungle of Siam. Sometimes in the night I think of our solitude, we two white people, unknown in this jungle which holds us as in a vice. But we have faith in our guide, this man of another race whose language is entirely incomprehensible to us. Without arms of any kind we rest in peace, reassured by the presence of this brave and simple man.

Kurdistan. "Do not go through Kurdistan; it is not safe. They will put you in prison, and nobody will know what has become of you." How many times did we hear such prophecies before we left! The French always imagine that out of France one meets only brigands. "The Kurds are savages; they will kill you to rob you," we were told, and on our replying that we possessed nothing worth stealing the answer was: "They will steal your trousers and leave you naked."

A few orchards, some water, some vegetables, some fruit. Men and women come to visit us, bringing along, on lovely trays, the best food they have and refusing any money for it. We are among the Kurds, bandit-like peasants, of tall stature, strong, and with guttural voices. We feel feeble compared with

THE BITTERN BOOMS AGAIN

THE bittern, that queer lonely bird of the marshes, has definitely come back to this country, from which it had been so nearly driven away for good that many writers in the past twenty years have spoken of it as extinct.

It never has been quite extinct, but few living naturalists have seen it or heard its mysterious nocturnal cry. The draining of many marshes during the past half-century greatly reduced its numbers, and then the depredations of selfish egg-collectors completed the work of so-called sportsmen.

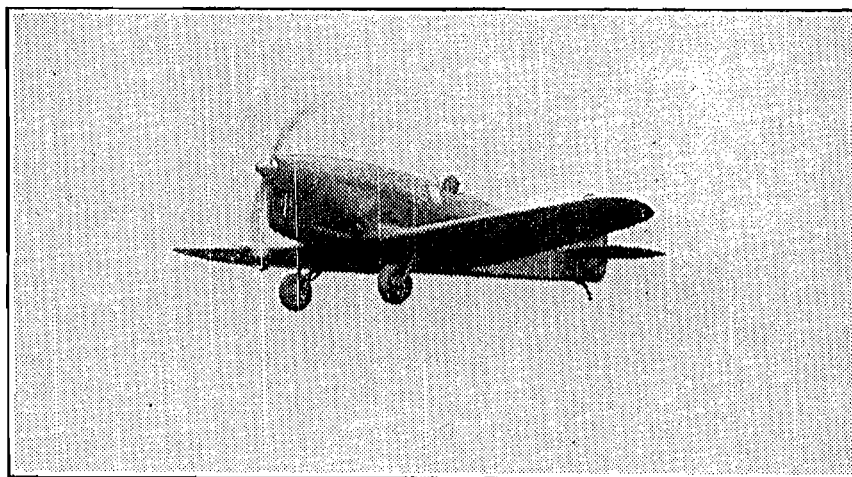
But lately, in certain areas of Essex and Suffolk, local folk have heard the bittern booming again. In one coastal district of Suffolk it is nesting for the second year in succession. It is protected by law, but we deem it safer not to give collectors too clear an indication of its whereabouts. Whether it

escapes the guns of sportsmen depends largely upon their not confusing it with the heron, which has a longer neck and lacks the fluffy ruff of small feathers round the bittern's neck.

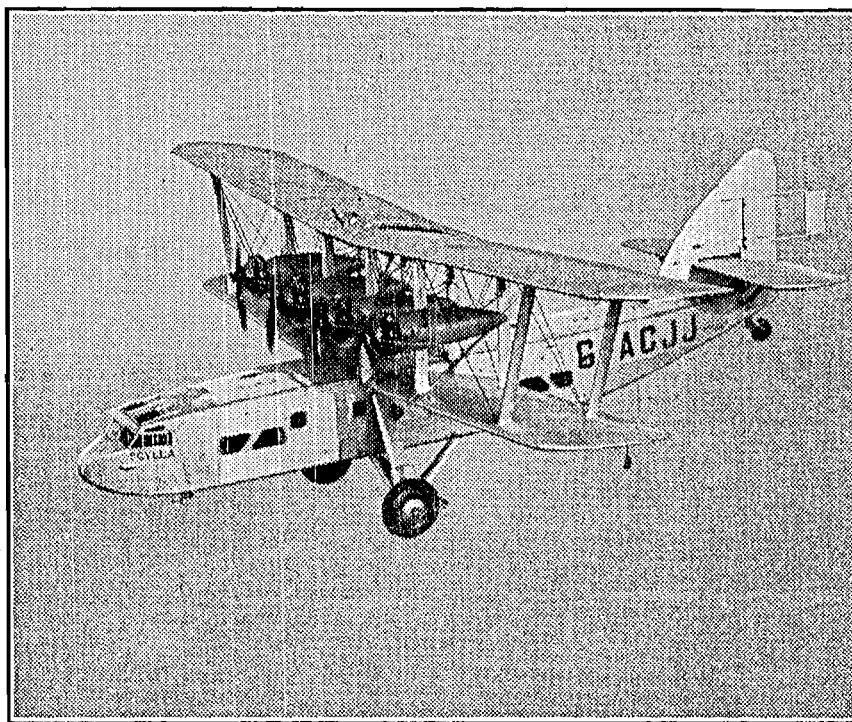
The bittern is in fact a distant relative of the common heron, and feeds on fish and water-insects, lizards, snails and frogs, not despising mice and rats.

Mr Cecil H. Lay, an artist living in Suffolk, writes to say that he heard the booming of the bittern every night one week, and that he had not heard it for over 25 years until last year, when it called for two nights in the same district, but then appeared to have been frightened away or killed. He likens the sound to the short hoots of small steamer sirens in foggy weather. The bittern's cry is really as much like snoring as booming, though its name is an imitation of the sound.

GIANT AND MIDGET OF THE AIR



The Comper Streak, probably the smallest racing aeroplane in the world. It is only 18 feet long and has a wing span of 23 feet, yet it is capable of flying at 200 miles an hour.



The Imperial Airways biplane Scylla, the world's biggest air liner in regular service. It carries 39 passengers in three luxurious saloons and flies between London and Paris.

Continued from the previous column

them, especially being unarmed. But the Kurds are charming to us and all is well.

In a forest in Indo-China. We had exhausted our supplies. Finally I caught sight of a little light which filtered through the leaves. It was a hut. I knocked at the door. A little old Chinese opened it and stared. I tried to make him understand that I wanted something to eat, but he did not comprehend. On a fire some fish and herbs were boiling. I pointed to them. The little Chinese smiled. When I came back with my husband the meal was ready, and on leaving there could be no question of payment.

In China. As we camped one evening on the top of a rocky hill we were

awakened by a noisy crowd. The leader said something like this:

"I am the chief of the village. Good evening, honoured travellers from France. Do come and spend the night in my house; you will be more comfortable."

New York. Here, in spite of the crisis, we succeeded in selling enough water-colours to buy clothes and tickets for France. Yet some Los Angeles friends have sent us a cheque "in case you should need it; you can give it back to us later." What good friends we are leaving behind!

We may wonder if there could be a more promising outlook for universal peace than that inspired by this wonderful walk around the world which M. and Mme. Tourte have taken.

THE CAMERA UP IN THE CLOUDS

MAPPING US IN A NEW WAY

A Quick Revision of the
Ordnance Survey

WORK FOR TWO YEARS

When we look up and see an aeroplane overhead it may be that we are having our photograph taken, though we do not know it; but a very great enlargement would be needed to reveal us in our unusual attitude.

It is probable that thousands of photographs of England and Wales will be taken by aeroplane in the next two years, all because of the Town and Country Planning Act. Many have already been taken, but mainly for their pictorial aspect, though archaeology has used photography to reveal what has been undiscovered by other methods. Our readers will remember that the site of Woodhenge, the wooden predecessor of Stonehenge, was found from the air, and other Stone Age sites (such as that on Goodwood Hill) were first noticed in a similar way.

New Roads and Buildings

The new proposal is to make an air survey of England in order that the plans required under the Town and Country Planning Act may be sent to the Ministry of Health within the appointed time. It is impossible for local authorities to complete their schemes under this Act by relying solely on the Ordnance Survey maps, for in the neighbourhood of towns new roads are made and new buildings erected so rapidly that the Ordnance Survey maps are out of date almost as soon as they are published.

About half England and Wales, some 16,000,000 acres, is involved in the planning areas, and it would be quite impossible for the Ordnance Survey to revise their maps in time; so it has been suggested that this revision should all be done by photography from the air. If the weather is good it can all be done in two years.

Enlarged Photographs

The country will be divided into areas of 1,000,000 acres. Photographs will be taken and transparencies from the negatives enlarged to the same scale as the Ordnance Survey sheets. These can then be quickly revised to show what new buildings and roads have been added.

Many maps have already been made from aerial photographs. An area bigger than England and Wales has been mapped in Northern Rhodesia from the air in less than 20 months.

Air surveying has replaced the slower methods of triangle and chain in many parts of the world.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell has described a remarkable survey carried out over 4000 square miles of the north of Labrador. The coast of Labrador was handed over to Newfoundland in 1927, but there was no reliable chart of its broken sea-line, and many a good ship has perished on its rocks.

Mapping Labrador

This survey of Labrador has been carried out by the American Geographical Society, and the cost of the expedition has been paid by Professor Forbes of Harvard. Two aeroplanes and a yacht were lent for the purpose, and the photographs will enable a precise map of the northern area to be made. Newfoundland cannot afford to make an adequate survey of its new territory, and Sir Wilfred Grenfell has been pointing out what a wonderful tourist country Labrador might be if only it were completely surveyed. It would not cost much for the Government to send a couple of aeroplanes, pilots, and photographers to complete the work which American generosity has begun.

CHIMELESS CHIMES

Electric Clocks Extraordinary

THE CHANGING FACE OF DAY AND NIGHT

An extraordinary electric clock has been erected in a London building.

Electric clocks are, of course, no novelty, but this clock chimes the hours without having any real chimes at all.

What happens is that a second electric clock, just a moment before the hours and the quarters, throws in an electric switch which operates a gramophone record, and the chimes reproduced by the gramophone are amplified by a wireless loud-speaker.

Another interesting new clock is that of Middlesex Hospital. This has no chimes, but the dial changes by day and night. In the daytime it is a gilt skeleton dial with the hands showing against a black background, but by an ingenious contrivance the appearance at night is made to be that of a black skeleton dial with the hands showing against a white ground.

SCIENCE MAKES MONEY

Knowledge and the Farmer

From a Correspondent in Australia

A cable message from London informs us that cases of Australian pears are realising 12s a case.

The same pears in Australia are being sold for as little as 1s 8d a case by unfortunate growers who did not avail themselves of the advice of the Council for Scientific Research.

These particular pears were grown in Shepparton, Victoria, and were packed according to instructions from the scientists. The pears are picked green and shipped early, so that they arrive in England when fruit is scarce. This consignment was shipped in January, a month earlier than usual, and the return shows that the experiment was a complete success. The growers who followed the instructions implicitly received a return of 8s a case, whereas those who were content to follow the older methods, had to sell their fruit at a little more than a shilling a case.

WHERE AUCKLAND STANDS

How They Paid For the Land

The Mayor of Auckland, the largest city of New Zealand, has been recalling the price paid for its site.

Three thousand acres of land were bought by the Governor of the infant colony of New Zealand on October 20, 1840, from the Ngati-Whata tribe of Maoris. The price paid was a mixture of English money and English goods:

£50 in money	One box of pipes
50 blankets	100 yards of gown
20 trousers	pieces
20 shirts	10 iron pots
10 waistcoats	One bag of flour
10 caps	One bag of sugar
4 casks of tobacco	20 hatchets

MINERS HELP A RAILWAY

An unusual job for miners is being carried out by a gang now at work at Whitehaven in Cumberland.

There is a tunnel nearly three-quarters of a mile long, eighty years old, where the lining of red sandstone and brick has crumbled away largely through the action of fumes from the engines, and sections of the tunnel are being made good by miners.

MEXICO IN

We are glad to record that Mexico has officially notified her intention to remain a member of the League. The republic never desired to withdraw save for financial reasons, and the recent improvement in her finances has enabled her to remain a member of the Great Club.

MYSTERY OF THE EMDEN'S BELL Found in a Park

The bell of the Emden has been found by some children playing in a park in Sydney. They came across a great package which they did not dare to open, so they called a policeman, who thought that it might be a bomb.

When the package was undone at the police station, however, it proved to be the famous bell.

After the Emden was captured and sunk in November 1914 its bell was placed in the War Museum at Sydney. Early last summer it was discovered that the case had been forced open and the bell removed. All Sydney was much perturbed, but no efforts were of any avail in tracing it or finding the thief.

It is now supposed that the bell was removed by some German from patriotic motives, but that he had found it impossible to get it out of the country and decided to abandon it. A similar theft happened two years ago, when the bell was discovered buried in the park.

WHERE THERE'S A DOG THERE'S HOPE

Yet another small dog has trotted off with a message tucked in its collar and brought help in need.

It happened on a Canadian frontier farm near New Liskeard in Ontario, where Mrs Huhtala, alone with two babies and with her husband away at a camp, collapsed with lumbago and found herself helpless.

She was able to make the eldest child understand that she wanted paper and pencil, and, scrawling the word Doctor on it, she fastened the message with a ribbon round the dog's neck and pointed to the nearest farm, a mile away.

What led the mongrel, whether reason or chance, we do not know; but he trotted off to the neighbours, who came and took the invalid to New Liskeard Hospital and looked after her children while she was away.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE BIG BIRDS

Few people know of the large number of big birds which fly through the night.

Attention is being drawn to their numbers by the accidents happening to them in flying in the dark against the ever-increasing network of overhead electric wires, which have brought a terrible menace into their lives.

A buzzard, killed the other day at Ugborough, measured 42 inches between the wing tips. The number of big birds killed in this way is remarkable, and engineers are endeavouring to design their lines and accessories in such a way as to reduce the danger of interruption. The birds killed rarely show any trace of burning, and it seems as if their impact with the powerful steel cables is sufficient to cause death.

NOT TOO FAR OFF TO HELP

The C.N. has been glad and proud to forward to the British Museum authorities, as a beginning toward the second £50,000 wanted for the Codex Sinaiticus, a pound collected by some of our young readers in India, pupils of the Stanes European High School at Coimbatore.

NEW SIGNS FOR AIRMEN

The railway stations between Paris and Deauville have been named with big white letters between the rails.

Airmen from above can thus read the names of the towns and villages they pass over, most of them being easily legible from a height of 4500 feet.

10,000 FLASHES 250,000 TIMES

The G.P.O. has ordered over a quarter of a million telephone switchboard lamps from the General Electric Company. Each lamp will flash ten thousand times during its lifetime.

THE WASTED LAND

Another Firm Shows the Way To Deal With It

A HOARDING OR PROSPERITY

With so many waste bits of land which must belong to somebody, and so many unemployed men longing to get at a bit of work like planting potatoes, we very much wish more landowners would follow the example of Joseph Lingford & Son of Bishop Auckland in County Durham.

Early this year this firm bought a piece of land for factory extension, not expecting to have to build on it for another year or so. Here was a bit of land an ordinary firm would have left running waste behind hoardings, but Joseph Lingford & Son had a much better idea.

They arranged for ten unemployed men to clear the land and take an allotment each, free of rent. They supplied the men with vegetable seeds, fertilisers, and tools, bought through the Society of Friends Allotment Scheme. They also gave them a few flower seeds, and when these amateur gardeners showed their desire to grow more flowers the firm got the Spectator to ask its readers if they had any seeds or plants to spare.

A Joy That Was Touching

They had. Over twenty boxes of seeds and plants arrived on that waste ground in a week or two, and the joy of the gardeners at opening them was touching. This was not all, either, for one reader wrote from a big estate in Kent to say he had a vacancy for a keen gardener. The 23-year-old son of one of the unemployed was chosen, and though the doctor reported him thin, ill-nourished, and a bit dazed from long idleness and lack of food, it is almost certain he will be able to do the work, which means good wages for him for the first time in his life.

We wish something could be done in this way with the bit of waste land behind a hoarding, near the C.N. office, in Dorset Street. It is one of the wasted bits of London which Mussolini would long ago have turned into a garden. Is there no man in the City who will save it?

THE ROBOT BATTLESHIP Controlled By a Vessel Which Follows Miles Astern

After being laid up in a dockyard for the past year or two the robot battleship H.M.S. Centurion is once again on what may be called active service.

At present she is stationed at Malta, where the ships of the Mediterranean Fleet are using her as a target. After leaving Malta on June 11 she is due to visit the Home Ports, where she will afford practice in coastal defence to gunners stationed in forts around our coasts. After this she is scheduled to leave Portsmouth with the Home Fleet in September for its autumn exercises off our eastern and the Scottish coasts.

When under fire the Centurion is crewless, being controlled from a small destroyer, H.M.S. Shikari, which follows some miles astern. At the touch of a dial in the Shikari the huge leviathan goes full speed ahead or astern, or to port or starboard; and she puts up defensive smoke clouds through which she steams when warding off an attack.

The other day we met a naval officer who was formerly one of the Shikari's crew. He told us how uncanny it was to watch the great leviathan ploughing through the ocean with no one on board to exercise control, particularly at night when she looms ahead like a giant phantom in the darkness.

An official delegation is being sent on a visit of goodwill by Australia to Japan.

A TEN-YEAR PEACE

Russian-Polish Pact Extended

THE QUESTION OF VILNA

A Peace Pact was made by Russia and Poland in July 1932 by which these countries, which fought so bitterly after the war, entered into an agreement of non-aggression for three years.

This pact, we are glad to record, has now been extended for ten years, and Russia has also made similar pacts with Finland, Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. These six nations, whose territory, for the main part, once formed Tsarist Russia, are thus brought into some measure of accord.

One great obstacle to peace in this quarter remains. It is the quarrel of Poland and Lithuania over Vilna.

Before the war Vilna was a province of West Russia, with a fine capital, also called Vilna and undoubtedly Lithuanian, for it had been that for a thousand years. In the wars succeeding the Great War Lithuania took Vilna from Russia by force of arms, but withdrew her troops on the appeal of the League of Nations, Poland pledging herself not to violate the territory if she did so. On the Lithuanian troops withdrawing, a Polish general defied the League and seized Vilna, which has since remained in Polish possession.

So Lithuania lacks her ancient capital, and lines her frontier with troops to prevent traffic with Poland. The pact between Lithuania and Russia does not bear directly on the issue, but it may be hoped that it paves the way to a reconciliation between Lithuania and Poland. It is not a strength for Poland, but a pronounced weakness, that she withholds Vilna from Lithuania.

WILLY WILLY CARRIES OFF A PIER

In the Track of the Cyclone

The North-West of Western Australia is peculiarly vulnerable to cyclones, which last from December to April.

A recent cyclone there, called locally a Willy Willy, has torn away a long concrete pier, which cost over £100,000 to build, and has left some twelve million acres of pastoral land depending on this pier at Beadon without sea carriage facilities for a time.

The name Willy Willy originated from a native rain song which begins Ngooona weeli-weeli burniji. As many as fifty luggers have been lost and their crews drowned during the progress of one Willy Willy, and the force of wind and sea will even lift a large lugger and lodge it some distance inland. Houses, fences, cattle, sheep, and all living things in its track are in extreme danger.

The pastoralists who used the Beadon landing-stage will now have to go back to the old and costly system of carrying their own wool and sheep in lighters out to the cargo ship, or else take their stock overland, a still more expensive way; but these sheep farmers are a plucky band, and will, as usual, find a way to carry on.

GOOD NEWS OF AN OLD FACTORY

Here is a splendid idea for using old derelict cotton and woollen factories.

At Lupset near Wakefield there was a disused woollen mill. Auctioneers had laboured strenuously, describing its desirable points, but it was no use; the place stood empty and began falling into decay.

Then, suddenly, someone had a happy idea. A new church was needed badly, but the cost—well, why not use the material ready at hand in the old mill?

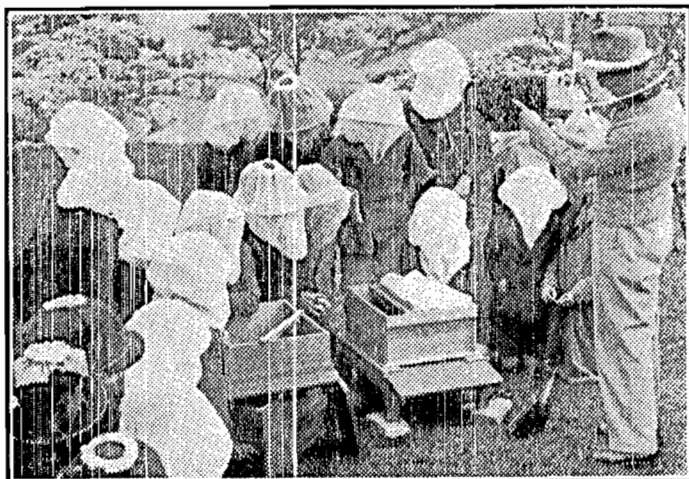
And so the new church is to be built of the bricks of the disused woollen factory. Lord Allendale laid the foundation-stone the other day.

May 26, 1934

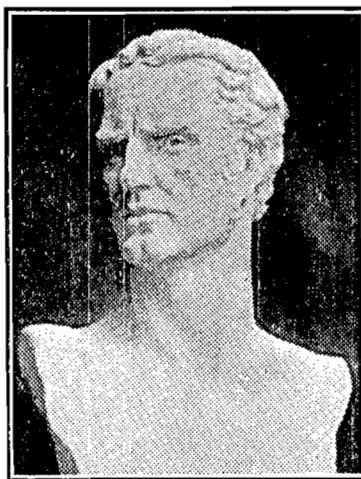
The Children's Newspaper

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YOUNG BEE-KEEPERS · IN THE POET'S CORNER · MODEL YACHT RACE



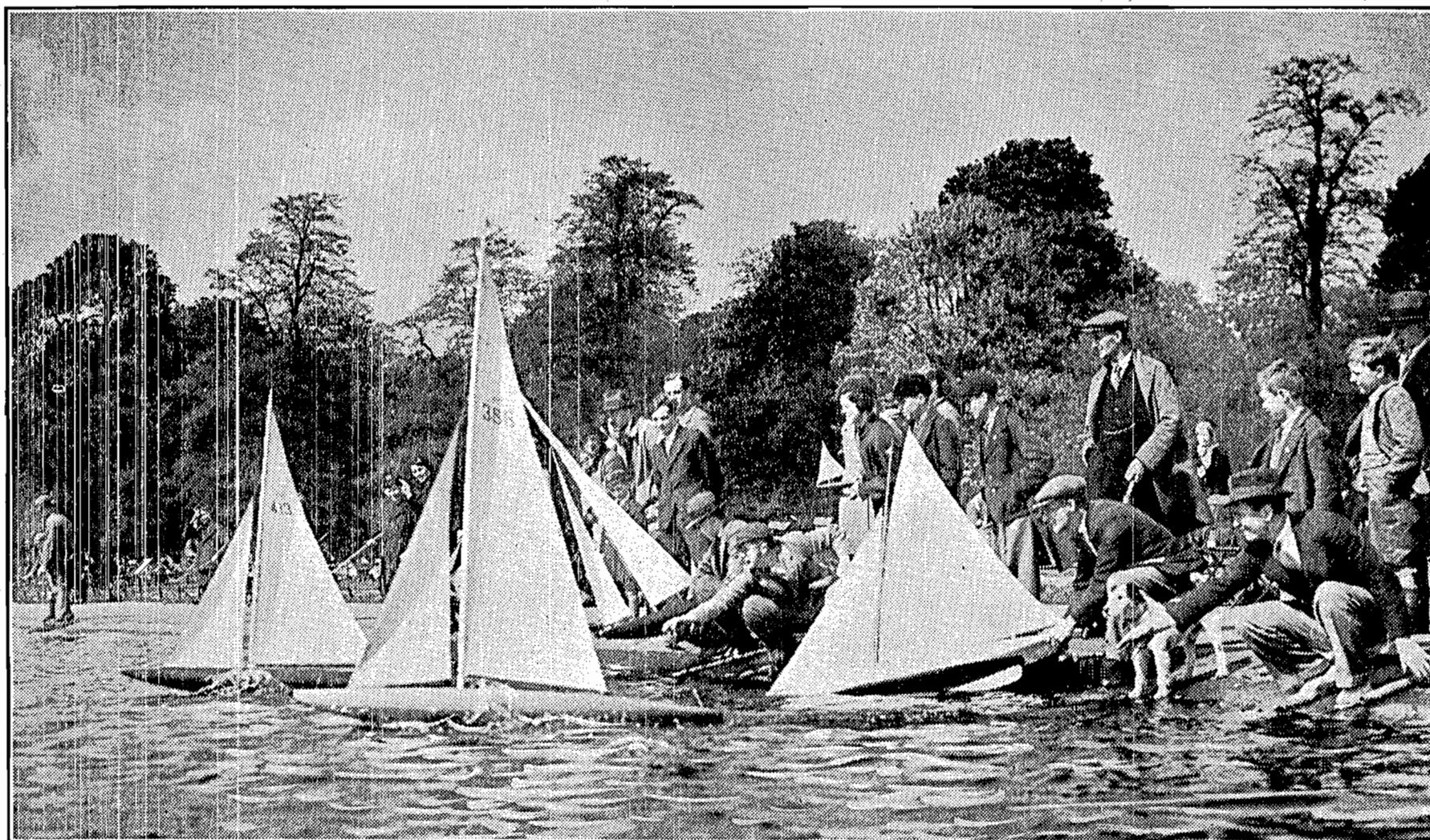
Young Bee-Keepers—Forty boys and girls of a Shepherd's Bush school are learning to keep bees. Here we see a lesson in progress, with the pupils wearing protective nets.



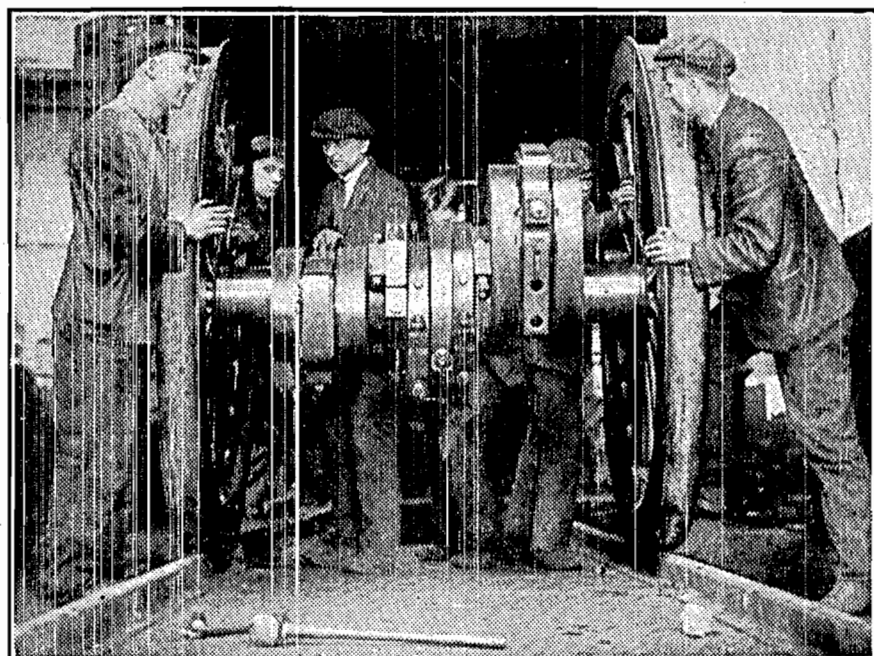
Adam Lindsay Gordon—The bust of Australia's most famous poet, now in Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, is by Lady Hilton Young.



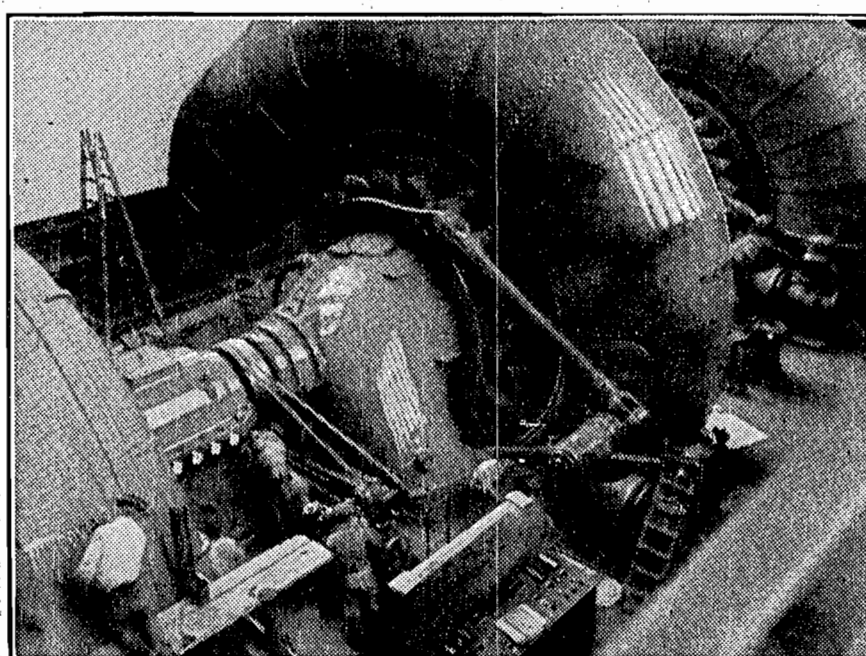
Taking the Honey—Schoolboys at Reigate in Surrey also keep bees. In this picture they are removing the honey. They have just bought a modern hive with a glass top for observation purposes.



The Start—Model yachts being launched for a race on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, a pastime which fascinates boys of all ages.



The Driving Wheels—An important stage in the overhaul of an engine at King's Cross.



Power From Water—Giant turbines in the power house at the Saal Valley dam in Bavaria.

THE BOY NEXT DOOR

CHARLES LAMB AND HIS LITTLE NEIGHBOUR

The Tap on the Window When Famous People Called

A VERY GREAT GENTLEMAN

There was a boy who lived in Enfield a hundred years ago. One day, looking out of a window, he saw three people coming out of the cottage next door. Strangers they were to him, a slim, middle-aged man, a rather shapeless bundle of an old lady, and a young girl. In front of them was a dog, carrying in his jaws a board with "This House to be Let" on it.

The middle-aged man was Charles Lamb, the old lady his sister, and the dog the famous Dash, which Tom Hood had given to his friend Lamb. (This was the dog which used to decide the walks Lamb used to take.) The carrying of the board by the dog meant that Charles and Mary had taken the cottage, and were to become neighbours of the schoolboy, whose name was Westwood. (All this can be found in Mr Edmund Blunden's new book on Charles Lamb and His Life recorded by his contemporaries.)

Lifelong Affection

Fifty years after this same Thomas Westwood told the world what he remembered of Charles Lamb, that most beloved writer, who had more than others the gift of winning the love of his friends; he won the lifelong affection of this Enfield schoolboy.

Charles let the boy loose in his library, where he found many old books, the most precious of all. Indeed, when the famous essayist received new books he would often give them to his schoolboy friend, because they would not mix well with his old books. One day he would send a volume skimming through the branches of the apple-trees so that it landed at the boy's feet. Or another would go rolling down the stairs after him. In after-years Westwood remembered how he found a certain book on his window-sill damp with the fog, and how he picked another out of a strawberry-bed.

Work For the Cobbler

Lamb was a bookman who loved all good books, but he cared most for his folios, those big and ancient books with their stiff backs, which became ragged, and their hinges which sometimes became loose. When they needed repairing he took them to an old cobbler who lived near by. Often did the boy see the cobbler on his low bench, stitching these backs, looking upon them through an enormous pair of goggles. Lamb had a high opinion of this cobbler and thought him a fine artist.

This old library suited Thomas the schoolboy, for he loved books. "Through the open window in summer," he wrote 50 years afterwards, "came fresh country smells, of sweet peas in the garden below, new-mown hay in the meadow beyond." There was also a narrow strip of water, the New River, in which he first caught fish and began his career as an angler, for which indeed he became famous in later life.

Golden Days

It was like Charles Lamb, who had almost all the famous men of his day among his friends, to make this schoolboy at home in his library, and even to read his very early attempts at poetry. There never was a truer gentleman than this man.

When the famous people came down to Enfield, then a country village, Mary Lamb used to tap at the window-pane of the neighbouring house to let the boy know; and presently, in a quiet corner of the sitting-room, the boy would settle down to listen to the talk. We may fancy the delight of the boy when

THE BRICKLAYER DOWN BELOW

Distresses of the Pit
HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES

There are trades which sometimes share with the miner the dangers and distresses of the pit, and here in part is an account by a colliery bricklayer of the nature of his work.

It serves to remind us, as we ought to be reminded, of the hard work that goes to win the national power to work at all; it tells one half of the world how the other half lives.

From the moment one enters the lift to descend the conditions are far from comfortable, particularly if one is travelling up the return-air road, which is always warm and nauseating. This is naturally unhealthy. Then going along a steep incline on a rough road is often treacherous, with endless ropes and the usual paraphernalia of a busy pit. There are doors, air-locked, which take all your time to open. Often there are tubs to climb over.

But we must get down to work now; everything is ready to start, as the material was got down on the night shift. The work in progress is a retaining wall in a particularly bad place, a junction, where the traffic is diverted so that we are cramped for room. This particular stretch of wall is a yard thick and 12 feet long, and has to be taken to a height of 10 feet to carry some girders.

A Rush Job

It is a rush job, and there are two bricklayers and four labourers. The bricklayers keep the front right and the labourers back in, using their shovels to spread the mortar. Then they pick two bricks up at once and rub them firmly down. This is done with incredible speed.

There are many other jobs, such as repairs to engine-houses, wheel-holes, and concrete floors. The colliery bricklayer must help to fix girders, build stone packs, build air doors.

The advantages are cheap coal, regular work, occasional overtime for Sundays and general holidays, time and a half when repairing walls and engine-beds, and so on. The wages are nine shillings a day of nearly nine hours.

No road to fortune, it will be perceived, is found in this hard labour; the end is age or incurable accident or sickness; the final reward is penury.

Continued from the previous column

he could see and hear Hazlitt, the most brilliant of essayists, and Tom Hood, who made many puns and had written three or four of the noblest poems ever written in English; Leigh Hunt, too, might be there, talking loudly on politics; and Miss Kelly, the actress.

It was a very great day when Wordsworth, who looked like a respectable farmer, visited his old friend and something of the poet broke out and glorified his forehead and eyes. Coleridge, Lamb's oldest and dearest friend, would sometimes be found in that company. No wonder Thomas Westwood, fifty years after, had not forgotten those golden days.

He remembered the last time he ever saw his friend. They had taken a walk down the green Edmonton lanes and returned home in the evening. When the lamps were lit Thomas slipped into his hands a volume of his own juvenile verse. With his usual kindness and patience Charles went over the pages, making fun of the verses in which the boy had been gloomy and despairing and praising those that were simplest and most sincere. When he came upon such verses he would call in his sister Mary to share in his joy and praise.

A few days later Charles died, and this schoolboy friend of his remembered him as "one of the sweetest-natured, truest, most genial-hearted creatures God ever blessed the world with."

Is it strange that a man like this was so greatly beloved by all who knew him and that he was able to win the lifelong devotion of a schoolboy who lived next door?

RISE OF A GREAT NATION

Brazil's Millions Grow and Grow

ASTONISHING PROSPECT FOR 50 YEARS AHEAD

Brazil has now a population of 42 millions and ranks among the great nations. In 1920 there were fewer than 31 millions. What of the future?

The Brazilian area of three and a quarter million square miles can support an enormous population, and official estimates of prospective increase are ambitious. The Brazilian Foreign Office puts the 1940 population at 51 millions, and forecasts 76 millions for 1950, about 120 millions for 1960, and 240 millions for 1990.

These are figures of a roseate fancy, but we may well believe that Brazil will number over 100 millions within 50 years.

The language of this great land is Portuguese, and descendants of Portuguese and other white nations may number about a quarter of the people. There are few of British descent, but many Germans, Italians, Spaniards, and Poles. Among immigrants since 1924 the Japanese, of whom there are said to be about 150,000 in the country, have been an increasing element.

The kinema has been used in Japan to induce immigration by giving attractive pictures of Brazil. Japanese capitalists who establish themselves in Brazil organise the emigration of Japanese workers. This movement is also connected with the Japanese determination to secure supplies of raw material for their factories.

Italians no longer go to Brazil in large numbers.

SAVED FROM DESPAIR

It is Never Too Late To Mend

THE WORK OF THE WORK-FINDERS

The admirable enterprise of a few women in finding work for the destitute deserves special mention, for we can help also by sending a donation to Miss Lennox at Dorset House, Dorset Street, London, W.1.

A man can be saved from despair and given food and lodging for a week for ten shillings, with good prospect of finding a job.

Three ladies started the fund with a few hundred pounds subscribed by themselves and their friends. They called it the Work-Finders Fund. Its object was to help men who were out of work through no fault of their own. From the last refuges of the homeless these ladies have taken over 300 men and given them the chance and the will to try again.

Sometimes a man loses his job through no fault of a serious nature. He sleeps on the Embankment, where he becomes ill and in such condition that few employers will look at him. The Work-Finders give him a bed and food in a place where he can get a bath and a shave. He stays there, sometimes for a week, sometimes for a month. Only five men out of 300 have proved unworthy; many have found work.

So again it is shown that it is never too late to mend.

THE SHIPBUILDERS

There is an upward turn in the curve of world shipbuilding. The position at the end of March was, for merchant ships under construction:

	Tons
British	481,440
Japanese	122,590
French	103,188
German	82,650
American	27,334
All countries	1,079,000

It is noteworthy that Japan is second, while the United States is hardly building at all.

FIRST HOME OF THE MAGYARS

STORY OF A WONDERFUL QUEST

Hungary Honours the Memory of a Distinguished Son

A VILLAGE HERO

Hungary has been celebrating the memory of a distinguished son whose fame first came to her from distant lands, but whose achievements and personal qualities have filled her with a just pride ever since she heard of them.

Hungarians are not, as a rule, a nation of travellers and explorers. They are too much in love with their own country to have any desire to leave it.

But ever and again there is born among them one in whose heart and nerve-cells still lingers the memory of his people's ancient home in Asia.



Through Untold Perils

Such a one was Alexander Csoma de Koros, who was born 150 years ago in Transylvania of a good but impoverished family, and who set out, after a studious youth, on foot and armed only with a stout stick, to find the original home of the Magyars. After visiting Egypt he crossed Central Asia in the disguise of an Armenian, battling his way through untold perils and difficulties till he reached Tibet, where he spent four years in a Buddhist monastery studying the language and literature.

At the end of that time he discovered that his hard-won knowledge was not going to be of use to him in realising his life's dream. But in the course of time he obtained, on the strength of his knowledge of Tibetan, a post in the library of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and was subsidised by the Government of Bengal while he compiled a Tibetan-English dictionary and a Tibetan grammar.

An Unselfish Scholar

His fame as a student of Buddhism grew year by year till it reached his native land, and he obtained from the Hungarian Government an annuity which, with the selflessness of the true scholar, he devoted to the purchase of books for Indian libraries. In 1842, when he was close on 60, he set out on a second attempt to discover the origin of the Magyars, but died on the way in Darjeeling, where his body was laid to rest.

In 1909 the Asiatic Society of Bengal wrote a letter to the little Transylvanian village of Koros telling of the solemn celebration in Darjeeling of the 125th anniversary of Csoma's birth, and asking for a Hungarian inscription and some Hungarian earth for his grave. The village dispatched a marble tablet and a casket which the headman's wife had filled with earth from her flower garden.

First Act of Homage

A quarter of a century has passed since then, but Alexander Csoma's memory is still green, and his country has been devising new ways of doing him honour. The first act of homage came from the Hungarian G.P.O., which has issued a new stamp with his portrait. The second may well be the unearthing of the valuable letters which he wrote home about his wanderings. The letters were found in an attic in those years of Rumanian rule in Transylvania after the war when all Hungarians were more or less under suspicion, and Alexander Csoma's descendant, fearing lest the mass of papers should get him into trouble, had a hole dug underneath a living-room and buried the letters until better and saner times should allow him to dig them up. Have those times come? It is to be hoped so, for if there ever lived a man before whose wise and benign spirit the petty passions of the day should sink to rest that man was this Alexander Csoma.

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SPARKLING GIANT OF
THE UNIVERSEWONDERS OF ANTARES
Only a Drop in the Vast Ocean
of Space

THE COSMIC RAYS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great star Antares, which for thousands of years has represented the heart of the Scorpion, will appear close to the Moon on Monday evening, May 28, to the right of the almost Full Moon and between five and six times her apparent width away.

The lunar radiance will considerably dim that of Antares, but later in the week, when the Moon is out of the way, the star may be better observed and identified by its reddish tint and brilliance in the south-east sky.

While the apparent angular diameter of Antares was shown to be .040 of a second of arc in 1921, it has recently been found to be only .029. Thus it would appear that this great sun alternately expands and contracts, or, as astronomers say, it *pulsates*.

The degree of this pulsation must be enormous if the star's accepted spectroscopic parallax of .0095 of a second of arc be correct, for this parallax represents a distance of about 340 light-years, or 21,518,000 times farther than our Sun, and great difficulty exists in obtaining precise measurements at such a distance.

At the distance of Antares the apparent diameter of the star when .040 of a second of arc would represent an actual diameter of about 389,000,000 million miles or 450 times that of our Sun. The recent measurements indicating .029 reveal an actual diameter of about 285,000,000 miles, or 330 times that of our Sun.

This great reduction shows that Antares is now smaller than the varying Betelgeuse or Mira, which at their largest are about 300 times greater than the diameter of our Sun, while Ras Algethi (that is, Alpha in Hercules, described a fortnight ago) has a diameter about 400 times greater than that of our Sun. Thus Antares would appear for the time being to have shrunk from being the largest known sun to that of fourth. We have to remember, however, that these events on Antares actually took place about 340 years ago.

What Becomes of All That?

Though so immense Antares contains only about 30 times the amount or weight of material as compared with our Sun, and must thus be composed of elements in a state of highly attenuated gas. So when, in the course of long ages, this colossal bubble, as it were, gradually condenses by radiation it will have become relatively but a drop in the ocean of space not much larger than our aged Sun is at present.

A fascinating problem is, what becomes of all "that" which is radiated away, some of which we receive as we gaze upon this sparkling giant of the Universe. The evidence indicates that much is lost, or transformed into forms of energy very different from what is observed. The existence of the matter-penetrating Cosmic Rays is a case in point; are they the product of stellar radiation?

G. F. M.

THE WARNING ARMLET

Blind or deaf people in Germany are now required to wear conspicuous yellow armlets, on which is a triangle with large black dots resembling the road sign for forbidden traffic.

Drivers recognise the armlet as a warning that they are to be careful when approaching the wearer.

THROUGH THE YEAR
WITH THE POETSThe Death of William
Lloyd Garrison

MAY 24

William Lloyd Garrison was born in Massachusetts in 1805, and died in New York on May 24, 1879. A printer's apprentice, editor, and lecturer, he began his campaign against slavery in America before he was 20, and carried on with indomitable courage till the triumph of his cause in 1863.

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, un-learned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean;

Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Help came but slowly; surely no man yet

Put lever to the heavy world with less:
What need of help? He knew how types were set,

He had a dauntless spirit, and a press...

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?

Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward must?

He and his works, like sand, from Earth are blown.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles,
look here!

See one straightforward conscience put in pawn

To win a world; see the obedient sphere

By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,

And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

We stride the river daily at its spring,
Nor, in our childish thoughtlessness, foresee

What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,

How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,

Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain!

Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,

Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain.

James Russell Lowell

A GREAT FIRM FOLLOWS

Other great firms are copying the policy of the C.N., which has had the Five Day Week since it started, and of the whole Amalgamated Press, which has had it for years and years.

Lord Trent has announced to the 5000 employees in the Nottingham factories of Boots the Chemists that an experimental Five Day Week, without reduction of pay, is to be tried for the five months of the summer season.

At the end of September there will be three main things to consider:

1. Has the scheme injured the service of the firm to the public?
2. Has it proved too costly?
3. If the scheme has succeeded in summer can it be continued in winter?

Two thousand eight hundred cases of apples have arrived as a gift to the Motherland from Australia.

ZOO'S NEW PROBLEM

CARELESS PYTHON
AND HER EGGSThe Passing of a Universal
Favourite

WILL CHARLIE BE A DARLING?

By Our Zoo Correspondent

An African python has provided the Zoo with a batch of 26 eggs.

As yet incubation has not been carried out with success, so these snakes have never been bred in the menagerie.

This particular python, a young specimen measuring about seven feet long, arranged her eggs in the correct fashion in a neat pile, but then, apparently, she did not realise that there was more work for her to do.

A Casual Mother

She ought to have coiled herself round the eggs, when the temperature of her body would have risen automatically to help incubation; but instead of doing this she glided away to another corner of the den and lost all interest in her mound of eggs.

As she continued to be indifferent it was decided to remove the eggs and try the experiment of incubating them by artificial means. Accordingly the eggs are now reposing on a bed of leaf-mould in a case heated by electricity and kept at a steady temperature.

This casual mother snake is one of a collection of baby pythons which arrived at the Zoo six years ago. The young reptiles were then only a month old and a few inches long, but they were given special attention and all are now about seven feet long.

A Welcome Present

The Zoo has received a most welcome present from Tanganyika. It consists of two tame cheetahs, or hunting-leopards, called Castor and Pollux. They are brothers and just over half-grown, and as they are both docile and sweet-tempered they are to enjoy such privileges as being taken for walks round the Gardens on a lead and being allowed to play with visitors.

They are devoted to one another and apparently are also tolerant of domestic animals, for before they came to the Zoo they were the playmates of their owner's mastiff.

Another newcomer to the menagerie is a stowaway found in a crate of fruit at Spitalfields. It is a slender tree snake, which travelled among the bananas and was only discovered when the fruit was being unpacked.

Winnie's Endearing Tricks

Charlie, the young black bear from Labrador who made his appearance on the Mappin Terraces last January, has now become tame enough to meet children. When Charlie came under his care the bear-keeper thought that he had a strong chance of being able to train him to understudy Winnie, the famous old American black bear who, to the deep regret of everybody, passed away on May 12. For some time poor Winnie had been receiving her old friends in her sickroom and to the last she remained as sweet-tempered as ever.

At first the keeper kept Charlie on a chain and only allowed him to interview grown-up visitors, but now Charlie has made such progress that he can wander about the service-passage without a chain and be fed by young visitors.

In time it is hoped that Charlie will learn some of Winnie's endearing tricks, for already he sits up to beg and makes squeaking noises to ask for treacle or sweetened milk, and he is careful not to snatch at the tit-bits offered to him.

Although Charlie is behaving so nicely, however, no one can be sure if he will keep it up. Winnie was the only Zoo bear who had remained consistently tame for years and years.

Cheeks Aglow
with
Radiant Health

FOR keeping your children radiantly healthy and vigorous the whole year through, there is nothing to equal delicious "Ovaltine." It is much more than an ordinary food drink, for it contains, in correct proportions, all the food elements essential to health.

"Ovaltine" is the ideal beverage for children because it supplies valuable nutritive properties which are not present in sufficient quantities in the ordinary daily dietary. It makes good the energy they spend so prodigally, and it builds up sound bodies and alert minds.

Always remember that "Ovaltine" is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment, scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs. The formula and scientific processes of manufacture—originated by the proprietors—cannot be improved upon or used by others. Although imitations are made to *look* like "Ovaltine," there are very important differences.

"Ovaltine" does not contain any Household Sugar. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

For quality and value "Ovaltine" stands in a class by itself.

**For their Health's sake
give them**

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P.887

THE DUST OF DEATH

Perils of Lead

DANGER TO LIFE IN A MAN'S WORK

The law passed in 1926 to regulate the use of lead paints has had some effect in saving lives and health.

In 1900 there were 1058 reported cases of lead-poisoning, largely among painters, and 38 deaths. In 1930 there were 265 reported cases and 32 deaths. It is still evident, therefore, that not enough care is taken in the lead trades.

It is not sufficiently realised that lead is most dangerous in the form of dust. Inhalation takes place which cannot occur when the work is moist and dustless. For this reason the law forbids dry rubbing-down of lead-painted surfaces, so common in the old days.

Recently, says the official report of the Home Office, four cases of lead-poisoning were reported during the demolition of condenser towers. The work involved the cutting-up of steel girders by means of oxy-acetylene blowpipes, the joints of these girders being lined with red lead. Under the heat of the blowpipe the lead volatilised and was inhaled by the workers. Owing to the continuous movement and the stages on which the work had to be done it was not possible for the men to wear breathing apparatus.

A new painting danger arises from the increased use of sprayers, which cover a surface with a fine cloud of disintegrated material.

It seems difficult to protect those who work with these appliances.

HALF-DAYS

A Fine Way To Spend One

The British railways are organising 16,000 Half-Day Excursions this year. That is the official term, but some of the trips give three miles for a penny and leave soon after 9.30 a.m., returning late in the evening.

People are thus given the opportunity to spend spare half-days by the seaside a hundred miles or more from their homes. Special events anywhere are accessible for a few shillings: tattoos, regattas, navy weeks, pageants, can be attended from distant towns with the aid of express restaurant and buffet-car trains.

Half-day excursions to visit Atlantic liners in docks, or locomotive works, or to be shown over various factories, are a feature of modern railway attractions. One of these includes a visit to a well-known chocolate factory, a dainty tea with a gift box of chocolates, a 20-mile motor drive through charming country, and home in a restaurant express, all for 8s. Another half-day excursion from London includes a motor drive through the most beautiful parts of the Peak district.

ANOTHER HELP FOR COTTON

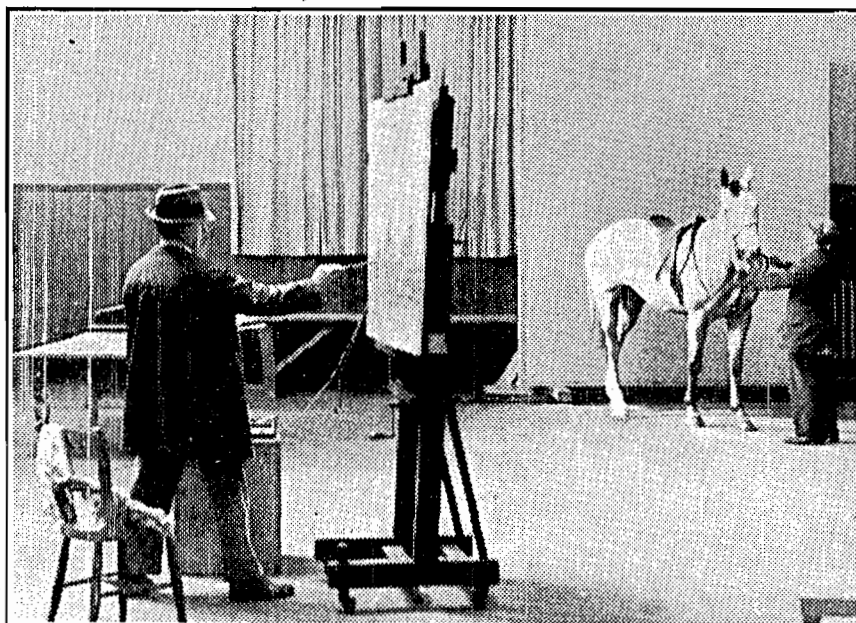
Every cotton manufacturer with a warehouse full of pieces has been haunted by the spectre of Mildew.

Now the manufacturer may stack his goods with a quiet mind, for the remedy has been found.

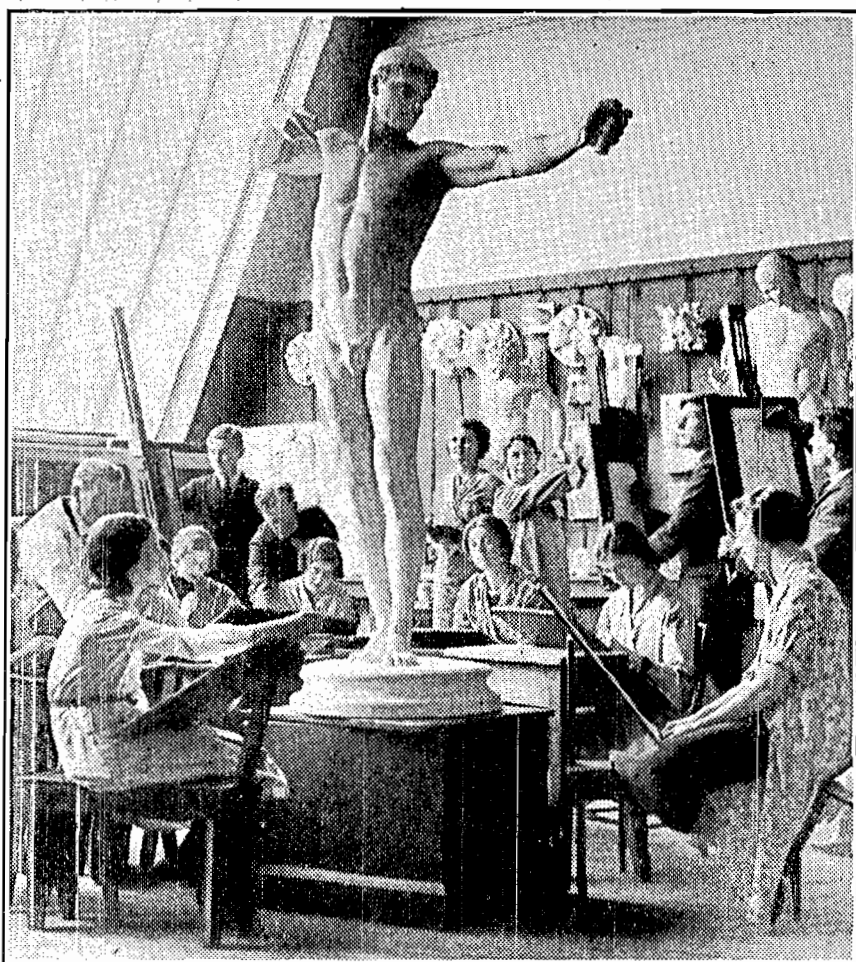
It is another triumph of the British Cotton Industry Research Association, better known as the Shirley Institute. For years they have tried to overcome the moisture which attacks the size with which cotton must be treated. Moisture is indeed necessary to render the yarn pliable in the loom, so that the enemy has actually to be installed by the process itself. Zinc chloride has been the only remedy, a remedy unpopular among buyers, for it may injure the cloth during the process of finishing.

The new product, named Shirilan, is more effective than chloride, and is said to have no injurious qualities.

ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS



Mr A. J. Munnings, R.A., the famous animal painter, with a horse in his studio



Students in a Watford art school drawing from a plaster cast



A young artist at the London Zoo makes a sketch of a sea-lion, while another sea-lion peeps over her shoulder at the portrait

AMBITIONS OF BOYS AND GIRLS

Ministry of Labour Comes To Their Help

1500 POSTS FOUND

Over 10,000 boys and girls who left school last year were given advice about the kind of work they wanted to do and the possibility of fulfilling their ambitions by the committees for juvenile employment in south-west England.

Work was found for nearly 1500, half the number who registered for employment, in a great variety of occupations.

Boys, it seems, are becoming more and more interested in every kind of engineering and in aeroplane construction, cabinet-making, and printing. Clerical work tempts them less, though more of them are taking up shorthand and typewriting.

The girls who left secondary schools in the same district last year are mostly doing clerical or domestic work, but a number went into hospital nursing.

The committees report that the revival in trade has been less noticeable between Surrey and Land's End, an agricultural area, than in the rest of England, yet they found work for 500 more than in the year before.

WONDERFUL JAPAN Prosperity in a World Depressed

It is reported that while every other nation in the world save Russia has curtailed industrial output since 1929 Japan has made a great increase.

In 1933, as compared with the average of 1927-1929, the United Kingdom, America, Germany, France, Italy, and Belgium all had a decreased production, the decrease ranging from 15 to 40 per cent.

Japan, on the other hand, increased 26 per cent. In steel, while other nations declined by from 23 to 54 per cent, Japan increased her output by 55 per cent.

TURNING HILLS INTO PLAINS Busy Unemployed

Because of the physical formation of the country South Wales can have but few natural playing-fields in the valleys. But during last winter gangs of unemployed have been turning many hills into plains.

During this month between 40 and 50 new playing-fields and parks are being opened, all of them on sites that were eyesores a year ago; and more open spaces are in process of being made.

Before the end of the summer a dozen large swimming-pools will have come into existence in the valleys.

These are the works of men who hate being unemployed and who prefer beauty to ugliness.

PUTTING HIMSELF INTO A FILM

It is not the lot of many people to be presented with 21 shillings in cash when they are not expecting it.

Such has been the experience of an Oxford undergraduate who, during the last vacation, went to see some friends, and was returning to London in his car.

When he had negotiated a particularly steep hill he was stopped by some people on the road, who asked him to climb the hill again as he had done it so beautifully. The young man, proud of his little car, willingly went back and ran up the hill with a smile, whereupon the interested spectators came to him again and congratulated him, and one of them gave him one guinea for his services, as it turned out to be part of the shooting of a film.

The young man will be interested to see himself on the screen one of these days.

May 26, 1934

The Children's Newspaper

13

THE PICTURES GALLERY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

What To Look At in Their
181st Exhibition

PASSING AND ABIDING THINGS

Now that the world is all rush and helter-skelter, things whizzing by faster every week, the moving-pictures talking as well, there is something of magic in still and beautiful things.

The 181st exhibition of the R.B.A. is delightful for that reason. It is also delightful for others, reminding us that people are continually striving after art. In supreme art, like that of the Mona Lisa, there is something unaccountable that draws people across the centuries.

For the 181st time the Royal Society of British Artists have painted trees, hills, rivers, and the sea, abiding things; and people, flowers, and things in patterns, with more of the painter than the thing painted. Once more the best work is the beautiful representation of abiding and necessary things, such as boats and bridges. No one will easily forget the fine line and simplicity of the Boatbuilders by N. Winder Reid.

The Best Animal

Boats give rhythm and a repetitive pattern to several pictures, like the St Ives Harbour, which we are glad to see again, and the Brixham Fishing Fleet. There are some sparkling seas and happy children shouting in the waves, all glitter and flying foam; and there are quiet, velvety stretches like the White Cliff by Harold Waite, where the sea at the foot of the great cliffs is in its place, a grey carpet far below.

Here and there we see a few cattle grouped in good water-colour work. The best animal in the exhibition is the truly delightful drawing of the Cocker Spaniel by Vernon Stokes.

Superb Water-Colours

The six pictures that most delight us, if we have to choose among over 400, are the Sierra Roudou at Dusk by T. B. Yates, where we see the edged indigo mountains on the skyline; the two superb water-colours by Bertram Nicholls, President of the R.B.A. (pictures which draw you across the room as if they were harmonies to listen to); Brambledean, Sussex, by David Wilson, where we have the compelling sweep of the mounting land and trees sheltered in the fold of the Down; the Italian Back-door by M. L. Trench, a small canvas in low tones calling us to look at the figure just moving away from the door; and the portrait of Cecil Collins by Ethel Walker.

The water-colour rooms give some glimpses of most satisfying work which students will pore over, students from most London art schools being admitted free. A great many of the painters had the harmony, the tones, and the rhythm of the scene in their heads before they began—hence the perfect balance of a little sketch like Anne Anderson's waterway at Rye. Charles Harvey's fine Devonshire Bridge is a study in spring greys held together by the blue ridge of the moor.

Sheila Laughing

A most delightful little picture is the Studio Corner. It looks easy, only a rusty stove and an old copper kettle to keep your thoughts company against that white wall—but try it!

There are some pictures in the exhibition, we are sorry to say, which look like bad dreams (all our Galleries seem afraid to leave out the Rubbish nowadays), but we can all wonder at the unending variety of points of view here, and a few pictures make us think with a pang that never, never, in many lifetimes could we have painted that. Then we catch the eye of little Sheila, a statuette in the corner, laughing at thoughts of her own about all these pictures, and we pass on.

THE IVORY RING A WHITE MAN JOINS THE TRIBE

Missionary and the Spears of
the Five African Warriors
HOW THE GIRLS WERE SAVED

A white man stood, trying not to vince, while five African warriors threw their spears round him.

He was a missionary, Rev J. H. Phillipson, and the spears which whistled past were only meant to test his courage before he was admitted to be a member of the tribe.

He had already passed one test successfully. Before he can enter the warrior clan a man must kill a buffalo, or hippopotamus, or a man.

One day, in a time of drought, a hippopotamus had entered the village compound, trampled a flock of sheep, injured a man, and then charged at everything in its way, including a tree. While it attacked the tree the missionary killed it. The warriors praised him for that, and wanted to make him a member of the tribe. He jumped at the chance.

Just Like a Galla Warrior

After learning to throw a spear he was shaven with a knife given him by the Galla king's council. It was not sharp, and his scalp was raw before he was properly tonsured. Now he was just like a Galla warrior, with his shaven crown, his knife, and his necklace of elephant hair.

But he had no ivory ring. Nearly all the warriors wear an ivory ring on the arm, and threaded on it are withered tatters of flesh. The king, who had slain 73 men, had 73 pieces of skin on his arm.

The warriors said to the missionary: "White man, we wish to confer upon you the honour of final admission to our tribe, but you have not followed all our customs. You have not killed a man."

Then the white man, sitting in council with them, said it was better to save life than to take it.

A Fine Story

Twice he had sat in the council arguing with them that it was bad to kill the girl babies of the tribe. The warriors for a long time refused to listen. It was better to kill the girls, they said, than to let them grow up to be taken slaves by enemy tribesmen. But the missionary persuaded them that there was no fear of war, and that Galla men, who boasted of their freedom, should not be the slaves of custom. In the end the king had called a messenger and said:

"Go and proclaim to my people that henceforth the girls of our land must live."

Now, as the white man spoke of saving life, the king rose, took off the ivory ring, and let the 73 shreds fall to the ground. Then he gave the ring to the white man. "Tell my people," he said to his messenger, "that it is better to save life than to take it."

The story of how he became a member of the Galla tribe is told in the recent numbers of the Methodist missionary journal Kingdom Overseas by Mr Phillipson, and a fine story it is.

THE TRAIN OF MANY CLIMATES

A remarkable claim is made by the Canadian National Railways.

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THE MASTER OF THE MOOR

A Serial Story

By T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 33

Neil Sits Tight

THE bark sounded a third time. It came from the direction of the sea.

"The dog must be on the rocks outside," said Archie in a puzzled voice.

Neil stood still. "It's not a dog, Archie. It's a seal."

"A seal? Does a seal bark?"

"Yes, that's a seal. It's on the rocks below. I'll show you, if you like. It's bright moonlight."

"It's jolly hard to believe it's not a dog," said Archie, as he turned toward the mouth of the cave. Suddenly he stopped.

"Where's Jupp?" he asked, pointing to that worthy's sleeping-place, which was empty. Duncan and Renny were both on their grass couches, sound asleep.

Instead of answering, Neil hurried outside. He held up his hand for silence. The night was very quiet and fine, and the only sound was the slow wash and splash of the surf on the rock-bound shores of the island. But Neil's keen ears caught something else, a rattle of metal against wood.

"He's clearing out," said Neil swiftly. "I hear him setting the sail. Quick, Archie!"

As he spoke he snatched up a plank and raced away along the path. He felt absolutely certain that he was right and that Jupp had sneaked out, taken the cash-box from its hiding-place, and was off in the launch to the mainland. He felt equally certain that the man would have lifted the bridge. That was why he took the plank. Archie seized the other end of the plank, and the pace at which they travelled along that rough narrow ledge was amazing.

Just as Neil had expected, the plank was gone. They flung theirs into position and dashed across. As they came to the corner above the cove the first thing Neil saw was the sail of the launch flapping in the light breeze. Jupp was aboard.

Neil spurted, and went down that perilous steep in a series of tremendous bounds. The flapping of the sail and the rattle of cordage drowned the sound of his approach, and he reached the ledge just as Jupp was in the act of casting off. Neil did not hesitate. With one bound he was aboard. Jupp saw him, and flung himself out of the way. Neil lost his balance on the deck, which was wet with dew, and came down, sitting. Jupp spun round like a top and struck at him with his fist. His bony knuckles crashed on Neil's forehead, knocking him flat and stunning him. At that moment Archie arrived.

"You brute!" he shouted as he also leaped aboard.

That shout was a mistake. It warned Jupp and gave him time to turn. Next moment Archie, too, measured his length on the deck. Jupp cast an anxious glance at the path, but there was no sign of anyone else coming. He gave an ugly chuckle, then, snatching up a length of rope, tied Archie's wrists and ankles so firmly that he was quite helpless. He looked at Neil, but Neil was still insensible.

"Got me a crew, anyway," said Jupp with malicious triumph, as he loosened the second rope and took the tiller. Although Jupp had said he knew nothing of sailing he was quite well able to handle a boat so long as the weather was not too bad. Tonight conditions could hardly have been better, for a light breeze from the west filled the big sail and in a very few moments drew the launch safely out of the little harbour. Jupp grinned again as he sat at the tiller.

"Got the cash and the kids," he remarked to himself with great satisfaction. "Couldn't have been better." He reached out and stirred Neil with the toe of his dirty shoe.

"Wake up, you!" he ordered. "You've got to work so long as you're in my crew."

Neil was just coming round. His head still sang with the heavy blow Jupp had dealt him, and he felt very dizzy, but he was hard as nails and in the very pink of condition, so that the effects of the blow were rapidly passing.

But Neil was too smart to let Jupp think he was as well as he was. He groaned and lay still. Yet out of his half-shut eyes he was taking everything in. He saw that Archie was tied up, and rather wondered that he himself had not shared the same fate. He wondered, too, whether Archie was much hurt, but presently saw that he was stirring, so hoped he was not.

He saw that Jupp was making for the mainland. Well, it would take some time to get there, and there might be a chance to cut Archie loose. If he could get that

chance he had little doubt but that he and Archie between them could get the better of Jupp.

The launch was sailing quite well with the wind aft of the beam. Jupp, finding that Neil did not seem inclined to move, grew angry.

"I know you're shamming, young Forsyth," he said in a nasty voice. "If you don't get up sharp I'll chuck a bucket of sea-water over you."

The night was none too warm, and Neil certainly did not want a ducking. He sat up slowly. "So you've got us at last, Jupp," he remarked. "What are you going to do with us?"

"You're going to do some work first, you brat!" snapped Jupp. "What'll come after depends a lot on how you behave."

"You mean you want us to help to sail the boat?"

"I can sail it myself all right," retorted Jupp. "You'll do the cooking. As for him (pointing to Archie), he'll lie there!"

"Ah, you'd be scared to turn him loose," said Neil softly.

"Scared? I could knock the stuffing out of six like him!" retorted Jupp. "You go light the oil-stove and get me a cup o' hot coffee. And see you ain't too long, or I'll know why."

Neil obeyed. He did not want a row at present but, rather, time to think things over and see what could be done. With this breeze the launch was not doing more than five knots, and even if the wind held the passage to the mainland would take six or seven hours. He glanced at the sky. It was still quite clear; a little too clear, if anything. He fancied the wind would harden with the dawn, and perhaps come from another quarter.

There was food aboard the launch. They had loaded her up on the previous evening. Neil lit the oil-stove and put on a kettle. By this time Archie had come to himself and was vainly trying to wriggle loose. It was a hopeless job, and Jupp's jers were not improving his temper. Neil managed to catch Archie's eye and sign to him to keep quiet. Archie understood and subsided.

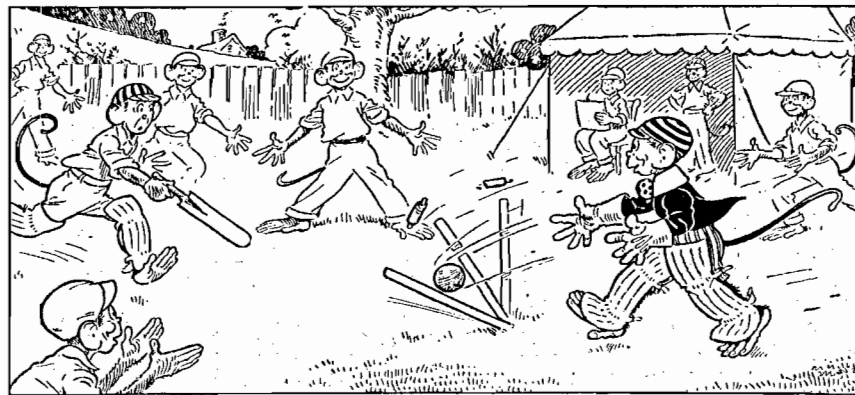
JACKO AS WICKET-KEEPER

MONKEYVILLE was to have a big Cricket Match.

"Do you play cricket?" one of the members of the Monkeyville Cricket Club asked Jacko.

"Rather!" replied Jacko, and promised to play; and although Adolphus was to captain the side he allowed him in to keep him quiet.

On the day of the match the Sun shone brightly. Jacko's side batted first.



Jacko flung it at the wicket

However, Jacko got out first ball by sending it so skyward that it came straight down as an easy catch.

Adolphus scowled at him.

Presently Jacko stood with a lordly air, all dressed up for the part, behind the wicket.

The first ball that came his way he was unprepared for, because he had just caught sight of Big Sister Belinda in the crowd and he was waving to her. So the batting boy made two runs.

The next ball hit Jacko in his middle, and by the time he had recovered to pick it up two more runs had been made.

The kettle boiled, Neil made the coffee and took a mugful to Jupp. Then he took another to Archie.

"Who told you he could have any?" Jupp snapped angrily.

"Don't be silly. There's plenty for all of us," Neil said. He knew very well that Jupp could not leave the tiller unless he first lashed it, and that would take a minute or so. Jupp contented himself with a threat. "If you don't do what I say you'll find the difference when we gets ashore."

Neil paid no attention and Archie got his coffee, and it did him good. Then Neil had a cup himself and felt the better for it.

By this time the first streaks of dawn were visible in the east, and as the light increased Neil noticed long streaks of dark, hard-edged cloud across the yellow sky. It was going to blow. The question was from what direction? If it came on hard from the south-west they would make a quick passage, but if it changed and blew out of the north or east it was going to be awkward. He did not think Jupp knew much about sailing. Indeed, he was certain of it, for any sailor would know what those clouds meant.

"Well, I'm not going to tell him," said Neil to himself, and settled down to wait.

CHAPTER 34

Chased by Crooknose

AN hour passed; the Sun was up, but the breeze still held westerly and moderate. The change was not coming yet. By this time Calpay was seven or eight miles astern, and no more than a dot on the horizon. But the mainland to the east was much clearer and Neil could trace the tops of familiar mountains on the skyline.

He wondered where Jupp intended to land. Certainly it would not be at a town, but more likely in some lonely bay or river mouth. Neil's thoughts turned to the money. He was firmly resolved that Jupp should not go off with it.

Poor Archie shifted restlessly on the deck. He was miserably uncomfortable, and kept looking at Neil imploringly. Neil had a great command over his temper, but all the time he was getting more and more angry with Jupp. He felt it was only a question of time before he boiled over. What he was waiting for was the shift of wind. He knew it would come, and probably with a strong puff. When it did and Jupp was busy with sheet and tiller

then would come his chance. He would cut Archie loose and together they would fall on Jupp.

Suddenly Neil spotted a vessel of some sort far to the east. Jupp had not yet noticed it, and Neil dared not stare at it for fear of attracting his attention. Presently he saw it was a launch coming out from the land in the direction of Calpay.

Could it be Mr Chard or Dr Ruthven? If only it were!

The launch came steadily nearer, and still Jupp failed to see her. The fact was that the sail was between him and her, while Neil, further forward, saw her under the foot of the sail. There was something familiar to Neil about the launch, and presently he recognised her. She was the Storm King, the same ancient and untidy craft that he and Archie had seen more than a fortnight ago and whose disreputable-looking crew had searched the wreck of the Anita. Hardly had Neil become certain of this fact before he saw that the Storm King was changing course; she was turning in the direction of the Spray.

Neil hardly knew what to do. Should he tell Jupp at once, or leave him to find out? In any case he was bound to see her soon. He did see her, and Neil saw him stiffen while a look of suspicion, almost alarm, showed in his greenish eyes.

"What's that craft?" he snapped out.

"She's the Storm King," Neil told him. "And her crew are three of the toughest-looking fellows I ever saw. They're worse than you," he added.

"None o' your cheek!" roared Jupp furiously. "What do you know about 'em?"

"I know they're after the notes you've stolen," Neil told him plump and plain.

"How do you know that?"

"Because Grant and I watched them search the wreck some days before you and Renny turned up, and because we heard what they said when they were leaving."

The colour drained from Jupp's face.

"It's Grier!" the man muttered in a shaken voice. "Crooknose himself. Of all the wicked luck!"

Neil realised that Jupp knew the crew of the Storm King, and was scared half to death of them. But it was not Jupp he considered; it was the money. These fellows were out to get hold of it, and once they had it, it would be gone for ever.

"Hadrn't you better turn and try to get away?" he said to Jupp.

"What's the use?" Jupp asked despairingly. "With their engine they can run rings round us."

"I'm not so sure of that. Look out!" he cried sharply. "Here's the wind! Tack, or you'll be taken aback!"

Up to the north the sea had gone dark, under a sudden squall. The wind had gone right round from almost due west to north-east. Jupp seemed lost. He was so frightened he hardly knew what to do. With one bound Neil sprang into the cockpit, forced the man aside and seized the tiller and the sheet. He was only just in time. Next moment the Spray had come round and was racing away in the opposite direction.

"Reef her down," Neil ordered curtly.

"I don't know how!" Jupp confessed.

"Then cut Grant loose. He can do it. Quickly, or we shall lose the sail!"

Jupp obeyed like a lamb. He was horribly frightened. But the squall passed swiftly and the deck levelled again.

The Storm King was now only a few hundred yards away, and although the Spray was travelling pretty fast the other, with the wind behind her and her engine running full out, was gaining. Jupp was staring at her, with horror in his eyes.

"It's Crooknose!" he gasped. "He'll finish the lot of us if he gets aboard!"

Neil thought it quite likely, and secretly was almost as scared as Jupp.

Within another five minutes the Storm King was within hailing distance, and Neil saw a man rise, an enormously tall, gaunt fellow. He had a face like a rusty hatchet, with a huge nose which had been broken at some time, giving him a most sinister appearance. Crooknose Grier!

For a moment Grier stared at the shrinking Jupp, then suddenly he laughed.

"It's Jupp, boys! I knowed it was. Now I can see him. Hey, Jupp, lay to. We want to talk to you!"

"Gosh, what an awful-looking brute!" muttered Archie, who had come over close to Neil. "What are we going to do, Neil?"

"I wish I knew. I'm all for carrying on as long as we can."

"All right. I've got this boat-hook, only I'm not showing it. And I've got a big wrench for you. We might beat them off!" Archie's eyes were shining.

Grier spoke again.

"I told you to lay to, Jupp! You boy at the tiller, throw her up into the wind."

TO BE CONTINUED

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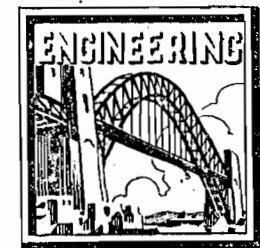
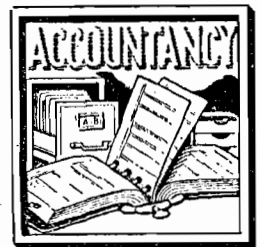
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THE BRAN TUB

Scaring the Crows

SEEING some crows scratching about in one of his fields a farmer fired a gun to scare them away. Thereupon half the number flew away, but one, thinking the danger was passed, returned. The farmer fired a second shot, and again half the crows in the field flew away, and one returned. On counting them the farmer was annoyed to find that there were exactly as many crows in the field as there were at first.

How many crows were in the field at first? *Answer next week*

Alphabet Verse

ALL the letters of the alphabet are contained in this little verse: A jovial swain may rack his brain And tax his fancy's might, To quiz is vain for tis quite plain That what I say is right.

Ici On Parle Français



La brochette Le moineau Les lunettes
Skeuer Sparrow Spectacles

On fixe la viande par la brochette. Les moineaux picorent sur le toit. Elle perd toujours ses lunettes.

Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in rifle and also in fire,
My second's in iron and also in wire,
My third is in writing and also in pen,
My fourth is in soldiers and also in men,
My fifth is in whimper and also in mew,
My sixth is in novel and also in new,
My seventh's in antler and also in stag,
My eighth is in shoe-string and also in tag,
My ninth is in heather and also in Perth,
My tenth is in famine and also in dearth,
My eleventh's in landlord and also in rent,
My whole you desire when on holiday bent. *Answer next week*

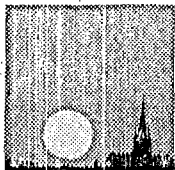
Novel Gardening

FROM the tops of carrots, turnips, parsnips, and beetroot you can get some very interesting plants without using soil. Place the tops of the vegetables, each with a little of the root part attached, in a dish with a little water. Dead leaves should be removed. Keep the dish near a window and soon the new leaves will begin to grow. Those from the

carrot look like dainty ferns, the turnip and parsnip shoots are of a very delicate green while the leaves from the beetroot are a bright pink colour, with stems of a clear yellow tint. After a week or two your dish of vegetable tops will be most beautiful to look at.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Jupiter is in the South, Neptune is in the South-West, and Mercury is in the North-West. In the morning Venus and Saturn are in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10 p.m. on Monday, May 28.



Next Week in the Countryside

YOUNG linnets and whitethroats are fledged. The song of the missel thrush ceases. The quail's note is first heard. The common sandpiper is seen. The brown argus and swallowtail butterflies appear. The garden carpet moth and puss moth are seen. The four-spotted dragon-fly is seen. The ox-eye daisy, hoary plantain, wood sanicle, hound's-tongue, common sorrel, goose-grass, yellow rattle, marsh orchis, red bryony, evergreen oak, syringa, and common elder are in blossom.

Tangled Trees

BELOW are the tangled names of eight trees:

PANEL SUCH-TENT
PANES AH THROWN
RACED HOME BARN
NO WAR MAY SCORE
What are they? *Answer next week*

An Old Record

IN these days speed records are made only to be broken, but one speed record has stood for 30 years.

In 1904 a G.W.R. express from Plymouth attained a speed over a quarter of a mile near Taunton of just over 102 miles an hour. This is the highest authentic speed ever reached by an ordinary train. The engine is now in the York Railway Museum.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Puzzled Ferryman

He first takes the goat across, then returns for the cabbages; leaves them on the other side and takes the goat back; leaves her and carries the wolf over; leaves him with the cabbages and goes back for the goat.

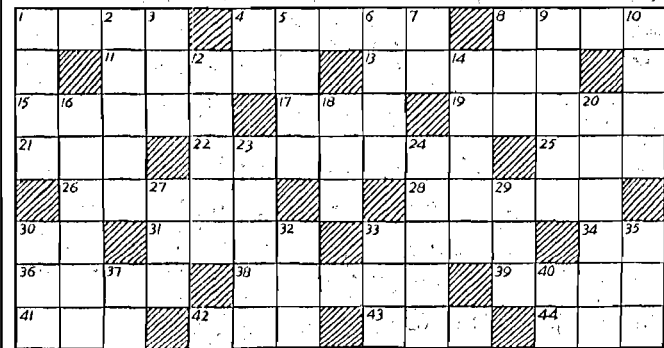
Double Acrostic

A Riddle in Rhyme.
PEARL

F u e L
I c e
G o a T
U n i T
R o s e
E a R
S c a l e S

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. A large crimped collar. 4. A black hard wood. 8. Medicine to be taken. 11. A small country house. 13. Fragrance. 15. The Earth. 17. Bustle. 19. What the League of Nations stands for. 21. Ocean. 22. Sideways. 25. Sunburn. 26. A coral island. 28. To attach. 30. An adverb. 31. A minute particle of matter. 33. Sagacious. 34. Baby's way of saying Thank you. 36. Apparatus. 38. A journal. 39. To run. 41. Quaver. 42. Water is this. 43. Termination. 44. Compass point.*

Reading Down. 1. Torments. 2. To be buoyed up. 3. A watch-pocket. 4. For-example*. 5. A bird's bill. 6. Midday. 7. Yard*. 8. Owning. 9. To deliver a speech. 10. Level. 12. Distributed. 14. Discloses. 16. Let. 18. A gentle blow. 20. He started printing in England. 23. To incline. 24. A heap of stones. 27. Used to propel a boat. 29. A snare. 30. Past. 32. Usually found by the door. 33. Tiny. 35. Devoured. 37. Advertisement.* 40. Royal Engineers.*

Dr MERRYMAN

Turn Again

THE facetious young man asked the organ-grinder if the last piece that was played was by Beethoven.

"No, sir," was the reply; "by Handel."

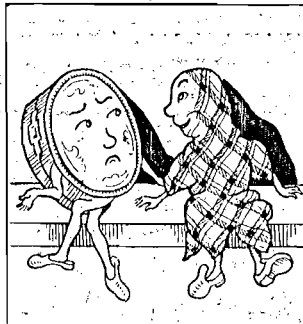
Cute

OLD GILES would not trust his money to the safe keeping of a bank, but kept it hidden in odd corners of the house.

"You should not do that," said his brother from London, "you lose the interest, you know."

"Oh, no, I don't," said Old Giles with a knowing smile, "I puts away a little extra for that."

Friction



SAID the duster, "A polish should *always* shine, But you seem very dull today." The polish replied: "The fault is not mine; You will rub me up the wrong way!"

A Wonderful Likeness

BLACK: Old Green really thinks he looks like Napoleon.

WHITE: That's not half the trouble. He thinks he looks more like Napoleon than Napoleon ever did.

The Danger Signal

THE train had been held up for several minutes and the guard was tired of answering questions as to the cause.

"What is wrong, guard?" asked yet another passenger, an important-looking young man.

"Well, sir," said the guard confidentially, if not truthfully, "the signalman over there has red hair and we can't get the engine to pass the box."

The Truth

B.T.U. (at breakfast-time): It is said that fish stimulates the brain.

Jack: Possibly; but going fishing certainly stimulates the imagination.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

TIM'S Mother looked very stern. "If Toby leaves any more bones upstairs," she said, "we shall have to give him away."

"Oh, Mother!" cried Tim. "Well, you must train him to keep his bones outside," said his Mother. "I found a dirty one under my bed this morning. That's the third time; if it happens again he will have to go!"

Tim was quite upset at the thought of losing his pet, and he gave Toby a serious lecture. Toby listened with his head on one side, as if he understood every word.

Yet that very evening Tim found a bone under the bath. Luckily his Mother hadn't seen it, so all that happened to Toby was another lecture from Tim.

After that he kept a sharp look-out; and as soon as Toby hid a bone Tim found it and took it outside.



"You bad dog!" cried Tim

Things went on quite well until the end of the holidays, but the very first afternoon Tim came home from school he couldn't find Toby anywhere. He ran upstairs into

Mother's bedroom, and there was the puppy, poking with his paw under the wardrobe.

"You bad dog!" cried Tim, dragging him away. "You've pushed one of your nasty old bones there, I suppose, and can't get it out. If Mother catches you there'll be trouble."

Tim lay flat on the floor and pushed his arm under the wardrobe. At first he couldn't feel anything, for the bone had rolled right back against the wall, but at last he found it and pulled it out.

Toby made a dash for it and was playing with it when in came Mother.

"Oh, Toby, you are a naughty..." she began; but as soon as Toby heard her voice he dropped the bone,

TOBY SAVES HIS SKIN

and out of the hollow end rolled a ring!

"Why, that's the ring I lost last week!" exclaimed Tim's Mother. "How could it have got into the bone?"

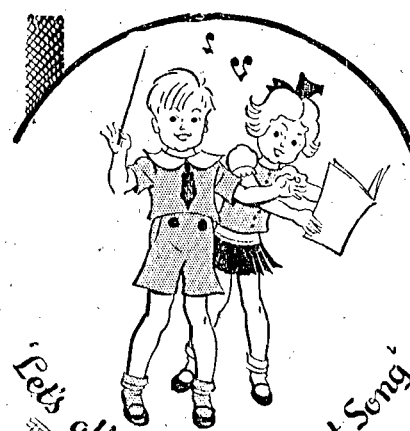
"I found the bone under the wardrobe," explained Tim. "The ring must have been there too. Perhaps I pushed the bone over it when I was getting it out!"

"Well, I am glad it's found!" said his Mother.

"Toby found it, didn't you, old chap?" said Tim.

Toby sat up and begged, looking very innocent indeed.

Tim's Mother laughed. "I said he would have to go next time I found a bone upstairs," she said; "but as he seems so good at finding things I must give him another chance!"



Let's all sing the Sweet Song

Fathers, kindly lend an ear

To the family chorus:

"Daddy, darling, will you buy Blue Bird Toffees for us?"

Take them home a pound or two.

They'll enjoy them—

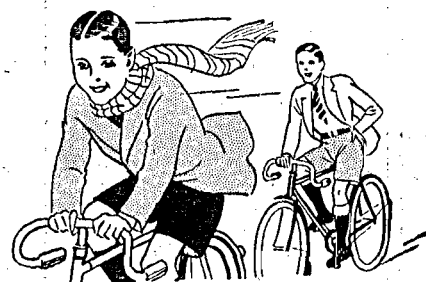
So will you!

BLUE BIRD TOFFEES

4^d. PER 1/4-lb.

Take the Home Sweet Home

Harry Vincent, Ltd., Hunnington, Worcestershire.



Does Your Hair Get OUT-OF-HAND OUT-OF-DOORS?

You may have been irritated by unruly hair when you've been busy out-of-doors... A touch of Anzora will keep your hair under control in high winds and on the most active occasions. And there's no grease in Anzora to soil pillow-cases or headgear. Try just a spot to-morrow morning and see how it "settles" your hair problem for the rest of the day!

If your hair's dry, use the Viola. And for those who like their hair to have a "glossy" appearance there's the New Brilliantine. They're all obtainable from most Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores—the Cream and Viola in 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6 bottles, and the Brilliantine in 1/- bottles.

ANZORA

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